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RECENT PUBLICATIONS RELATING TO BACON AND THE BACONIAN THEORY.

THERE are many indications that the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy is gaining strength, and that the Baconian side is winning. Such indications are the following:—1. It is now a familiar topic in all kinds of periodical literature. 2. Germany and France are sending in recruits. 3. In some few journals it is being more intelligently discussed: the assumption of our friend the enemy, that our arguments and facts are of no importance, no longer holds ground. We are strong, and they begin to know it. Determined defence is very much reserved to gentlemen of the literary caste, who are bound to fight for their own colours. These gentlemen all talk alike: say the same thing: praise or blame the same books, and for reasons which evidently have nothing whatever to do with the merits of the case. Whatever echoes their opinion is applauded, however feeble and foolish it may be, and *vice versâ*. The new arguments for the defence are resorts of desperation, so evidently destitute of probative force that the very fact of their acceptance is an additional argument on our own side. 4. The Baconian argument is gaining in breadth and extent: new branches arise; it is being connected with all the literary and reforming movements of the Elizabethan age. And although the widening of the horizon must bring some phantoms into view, it will also aggrandize and enrich the whole subject, and rescue it from all danger of being treated as a mere personal or antiquarian dispute.

Illustrations of all these points will be found in the present number of the Journal.

In France an important article on "Shakespeare and Bacon" has been published in the *Correspondant* (August 25), and is now republished in pamphlet form. The writer is M. Louis de Raynal, a veteran literary student and a distinguished judge, eighty-four years of age, but full of literary enthusiasm. He writes a fairly complete epitome of the Baconian case, with which our readers are familiar. As to the resemblance between Bacon and Shakespeare, he writes:—

"It has been often said of Shakespeare that he was even more a philosopher than a poet; and of Bacon, that he was much more of a poet than a philosopher. Bacon's ambition was to grasp the universe, making all knowledge his province. Lessing has profoundly remarked of Shakespeare, that his drama is the mirror of nature. And M. de Remusat has said, 'In Bacon's ordinary way of reflecting and of representing the characters and affairs of men, we cannot but notice something which brings Shakespeare to the mind.' The analogy between the two is therefore striking."

M. de Raynal is unable to tell us, in reply to our enquiries, whether there are many in France of his way of thinking. He says, "Those of my friends to whom I have sent my book have generally appeared more astonished than convinced. Nevertheless, the distinguished Editor of the *Correspondant*, M. Lavédan, when he received my article, told me that so far as he was concerned, after studying the question, his convictions went even beyond mine."

Count Vitzthum's recently published book * is the most important work on the Baconian theory that has yet appeared in a foreign language. It is a handsome 8vo. work of 250 pages, and covers the whole historic argument in twenty chapters. It is written in a singularly lucid style, and shows throughout a complete mastery of Elizabethan history and literature. The starting-point, indicated by the title, is consistently maintained. The author contends that the two names, *Shakespeare* and *Shakspere*, represent two persons who had nothing, not even their names, in common. These names were differently pronounced, and have an entirely different import and derivation. *Shakespeare* is derived from *Shake* and *Spear*—it was a

* *Shakespeare and Shakspere. Zur Genesis der Shakespeare-Dramen.* Von K. F. Graf Vitzthum von Eckstädt: Stuttgart (The Cotta Press).

nom de plume, just as George Sand, Junius, George Eliot, and others were; adopted because it had a noble, knightly ring, and appeared as if it might represent an old English family. *Shakspere*, on the other hand, is of rustic coinage, and is corrupted from two Norman Christian names: the peasant family, so called, was descended from some *Pierre*, who was the son of *Jacques*. A recognition of this fact will go far to solve all the puzzles and controversies which gather about Shakespeare enquiry. After this uncompromising start, the author states the problem as we know it, and then pursues the historical enquiry into all its branches, including a very favourable notice of Mr. Donnelly's masterly argument, and of the Cryptogram. In two points Count Vitzthum is more than usually emphatic; he probes the contemporary allusions and pronounces them, for the most part, delusions. Meres and Ben Jonson are the only contemporary writers whose testimony can be quoted. Both were evidently in the secret, and spoke of Shakespeare the poet, not of Shakspere the player; both wrote, the one in prose, the other in verse, if not on the instigation at least in favour of Bacon. If there has been really an edition of Green's *Groats-worth of Wit* of 1592, now lost, his *Shake-scene* cannot apply to the then perfectly unknown player, but to Marlowe or another. At all events, Greene's stimulated attack is written in praise of the real author. Also he finds most significant evidence in the old plays, usually referred to as the productions of unknown writers, which were really Bacon's early drafts, and many of which were produced before Shakspere came to London. This point is very carefully discussed in the present number of our Journal by Mr. Follett, with reference to the old *Hamlet* play, which can be traced back to 1585. The common conjecture, that a poet of such phenomenal power should have wasted his time in amending or adapting more or less worthless compositions of anonymous and obscure writers, is preposterous. The more closely we look at these old plays, the more shall we see the perfect similarity in style and technical composition to those attributed to Marlowe, whom Count Vitzthum, in common with most students of Shakespeare from the Baconian side, regards as an early cover for Bacon, employed by him to bring these early, crude compositions on the stage. All the early histories show the same faults, the same youthful grandiloquence, the same deficiency of structure. They are unconnected *tableaux vivants*, without a plot, but full of genius, sparkling ideas, classic allusion, political wisdom, and philosophical

speculation. Count Vitzthum's book brings the whole argument before the German public, in a manner which a Frankfort reviewer who is struck by the startling and unexpected cogency of the reasoning, describes as "extraordinarily interesting, not to say sensational." Count Vitzthum's references to Marlowe are especially worthy of consideration just now, when it is proposed to erect a monument to his memory. Nothing can be more unwise, when all the riddles which are connected with Marlowe and Shakspere are in the critical crucible, and no one can at present determine in what shape they will emerge when the refining and analyzing process is completed.

In the course of the *Daily Telegraph* correspondence a year ago, one of the correspondents brought up the old Joe Millerism, that the plays were not written by William Shakspere, but "by another fellow of the same name." The following extract, from a letter by a distinguished student of Bacon and Shakespeare, will show that this jesting suggestion has been taken up by a German writer in sober earnest. The writer alluded to is Eugen Reichel, author of *Shakespeare-Literatur*, published at Stuttgart in 1887. An earlier and smaller work by this author is referred to in our Report for 1887, p. 118. The fuller expansion of his theory is given in the work referred to by our correspondent, who writes as follows :—

"I beg to call your attention to a book which I have just finished reading—'Eugen Reichel, Shakespeare-Litteratur' (Stuttgart, 1887). I never heard previously either of the man or of the book: the preface is dated from Berlin, 1886. The author is thoroughly informed, and has read a great deal about Shakespeare. He is convinced that the play-actor and money-lender of Stratford never wrote a line; that Bacon, with the help of Ben Jonson, edited the plays, the quartos as well as the folio; and he attacks violently Gervinus, Ulrici, and others, for over-estimating the plays and misleading the public. So far, so good; but now comes a very strange story. This Reichel hates Bacon; he calls him an infamous aristocrat, an impostor, a place-hunter, and a thorough theologian *who believes in God!* This is, as far as I can make it out, the great sin which Mr. Reichel disapproves in Bacon. Now this infamous impostor got hold, according to our author, in 1586, of some papers written by the greatest genius of all ages, who died in misery after having been a

play-actor, and was the real William Shakespeare, not to be confounded, mind, with the man of Stratford. It was to this genius Spencer dedicated three stanzas in the "Tears of the Muses," beginning with:—'*And he the man, whom nature's self hath made,*' and ending with the line, '*and to himself to mockery to sell.*' I confess I cannot make out the meaning of these stanzas, and do not know who the 'Willy' is whose death Spencer seems to lament in so eloquent terms. But never mind—Reichel has found out that this 'Willy' was William Shakespeare—he does not know, however, how the vain and ambitious place-hunter, Bacon, became the possessor of the precious papers left by this perfectly unknown and wonderful genius, who was a philosopher and a poet at the same time. Bacon published the philosophical works under his own name; but, mark, he corrupted them with idle theological phraseology, and spoiled the *Novum Organum*, written, according to Reichel, about 1577, but published only in 1620. Bacon did not only spoil the philosophical works of the great unknown, but also his plays, which are worthless, idiotic compositions, containing only some few fragments which Reichel has been able to find out. Now Bacon wanted a mask, and Ben Jonson discovered the play-actor Shakspere, whose name was similar to that of the great unknown William Shakespeare.

"This is in short the strange story. The author betrays real learning, and on some points sound judgment. The ghost of the unknown W. Shakespeare haunts him. This ghost once killed, the book may be instructive, by proving just the contrary of Reichel's theory, and giving fresh evidence for Bacon."

Mr. Wigston's important work, *Bacon, Shakespeare, and the Rosicrucians* (published by Redway), reviewed by Mrs. Pott in a subsequent page, is one of the indications to which we have referred, that the question of the Baconian authorship of Shakespeare is branching out into other lines of research. Bacon, we know, wrote much in the name of other persons. Mr. Wigston thinks he was the founder and moving spirit of the Rosicrucian fraternity. So far as this is concerned, we refer our readers to Mrs. Pott's paper. It is, however, within our province to point out that this book speaks in no hesitating way of the Baconian theory. Thus he writes:—

"A large class of people, particularly Englishmen, have taken the poet's works to themselves, and out of the mere association of the name

of Shakspere with the plays, not only imagine they are familiar with the author, but have built up an imaginary idol—a fictitious Shakespeare of their own who never existed—to whom they fall down, worship, and defend as a person commensurate with the plays he is supposed to have written. The truth is, that whilst endeavouring to realise the personality of Shakspere, we are always thinking of the works, and thus, out of the association of name and play, arises a god-like being, who certainly does not answer to the little we know of him. Nothing is more powerful than the association of ideas. They usurp the place of reason, and become 'the monster custom that all sense doth eat'; for, let us ask the question, What proof have we (beyond the association of Shakspere's name with the plays) that he wrote them? Suppose there was a reason for hiding, an object in mystifying posterity with regard to their real author. Why not? And, granting this, where are your proofs that Shakspere wrote these plays and poems? If it was not for the association of his name by tradition with the plays, and we were obliged to use our judgment or reason to select the real author, he is about the last person in the world that we should light upon, and Bacon the first, who would stand out as the protagonist of his age, the rightful heir. The great difficulty is to persuade people that they know nothing of the personal Shakspere at all, though they know certain works that have borne his name."

We would gladly quote many other passages, equally striking, with highly original illustrations, but space forbids.

The Bacon-Shakspere Question (published by *Johnson*) is a pretty considerable pamphlet by our old antagonist, Mrs. Charlotte Stopes. (See Bacon Journal, vol. I., p. 140). It was originally contributed, in the form of a series of papers, to a journal called "*Wine, Spirits, and Beer*," in the interests of the "trade," and naturally takes its spirit and flavour from the vessel or vat in which it was brewed. The special feature resulting from this organ is that in one, and the most characteristic chapter, all that Shakespeare has written about "drink," is compared with all that Bacon has written on the same topic. There is a show of thoroughness about this little booklet, which at first gives one the impression that now at last we are to have a careful, reasonable discussion of the Baconian theory from a Shaksperian point of view. Accordingly a large number of reviews have been written accepting this defence as a satisfactory settlement of the case. These reviewers certainly have not taken any pains to

estimate either the facts or the argument of the book, or they would not lavish such store of praise on what is essentially a weak, dull, inconclusive performance. However, as the book has been received with—not much, but multiplied—applause, we are bound to look into it. And this is what we find—a re-statement of arguments which have been answered over and over again—Shakspere biography and certification constructed out of traditions which prove nothing relative to authorship, supplemented by allusions, mostly poetic, which only show that the poetry was liked and the origin left unquestioned. There can be not the least doubt in any reasonable mind that this crowd of allusions, culled, we presume from the "Century of Praise," has no bearing whatever on the Baconian theory, except that they suggest this one very significant inference, that the Shaksperians would not use these worthless arguments if they could find better. The humour of the business is that these irrelevant utterances of uncritical praise of the poetry, are vaunted as so many "certificates" of the man, and speak of Shakspere's "clear and indefeasible title." "The attestations are clear and definite; they all tell one story." They *do* all tell one story, but the story is *not* that Shakspere was the author, but that the poetry was allowed without challenge to pass as his: a very different matter, which no one disputes.

Mrs. Stopes's eloquent and original account of William Shakspere's life does great credit to her powers of imagination and invention. It is a pleasant little fable, the construction of which must have been attended with much poetic rapture. The whole of this charming piece of fiction is freely sprinkled over with the guessing formulæ which are so amply used by these romancists, such as "Would doubtless"; "must have learned"; "no doubt he often"; "perhaps he would"; "My own opinion is"; "he certainly felt"; "it is more than likely"; "they would see"; "just think how"; "I think"; "Probably he became." These phrases, some of them repeated more than once, crowd the pages. But they are not infrequently dispensed with, and doubtful facts, fanciful speculations, or sheer inventions are stated without any qualification, as if they were well authenticated historic facts. This is all very amusing, but as for the history or logic of the case, it is conspicuously absent; the muse of history returns to the nursery, where she dresses up a doll, and puts on grandmama's spectacles. This type of criticism, we must sorrowfully confess, rather reminds us of Hamlet's very improper allusion to Polonius: "Hark you, Guildenstern, and you too, at each ear a

hearer; that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling clouts."

A favourite pastime in this droll performance is to put on the metaphysical robe. "The psychologic aspect," we are severely told, "is of prime importance in such a discussion." As a matter of fact it really is *not* very important; it is usually a manufactory of *ex post facto* arguments in support of foregone conclusions; it is very apt to be a fantastic and alluring *ignis fatuus*, leading adventurers and self-sufficient guessers into quagmires of stifling speculation. Even if it were important we must find the psychologist to conduct the discussion, and we see no traces of this illuminated person in the writer of these pages. The few attempts at psychologic inference supplied do not strike us as very sagacious. Thus, it is said that Bacon is essentially a subjective writer; he puts himself into all he produces; the hundreds of letters preserved support this peculiarity. Shakspere, on the other hand, is objective to as extraordinary a degree; he never reveals himself in his writings. We may pause to remark that the "Victorian school" of Shakspere critics appear to have exactly the opposite impression. They find traces of "Shakspere's mind and art" in all the plays, and they expend a painful amount of psychology in the quest. As to this supposed contrast between Bacon and Shakspere, the fact is that the "objective" quality is equally remarkable in both. Bacon's letters are curiously deficient in self-revelation; they are nearly all business documents, relating either to his own public life or to State affairs. Very few of his private letters—*i.e.*, letters written to those of his friends and relations who had nothing to do with his public life—have been preserved; only four to his mother, very few to his brother, although they must have kept up an active correspondence during the many years that Anthony Bacon was living on the continent. The most personal letters are some of the quasi-dramatic letters, written in the name of other persons, and, as Dr. Abbott notes, hitting off their personal peculiarities with amusing cleverness. In truth we know very little of Bacon's private life. He is like a glorious sun, shedding light all around, but leaving his own personal sphere in impenetrable obscurity. Never was an author less "subjective" than Bacon.

Another curious speculation of our author, partly psychologic and partly physiologic, sums up her "drink" disquisition. And this is too delicious for second-hand reporting. Listen!

"The authors of Shakspere's and Bacon's works drank different

liquors, and therefore they did not think alike. The first drank nectar; the second wine and beer. The first could not have yoked the horses of Apollo to the car of Common-place Experiment; the second would have fallen, like Icarus, with melted wings from his high flight, had he essayed it."

What does the lady mean by "The first drank nectar; the second wine and beer"? A writer in the drink journal ought not to leave this momentous point in obscurity. By the judicious use of some of the formulæ we have referred to she surely might have told us where the nectar was brewed, how much a gallon it cost, and other interesting and needful details. Why does Bacon say nothing about this sovereign liquor, its composition, its distillation, bottling, and psycho-physiologic properties? The omission in both cases is much to be censured.

The suggestion of an exhaustive examination of all that Bacon and Shakspere wrote about drink came as a very welcome stimulant to us, and we were quite ready to sit with meek docility at the feet of the gracious expounder of this new chapter in Shakspere-Bacon research. But alas! we were disappointed. Mrs. Stopes "makes copy" by free quotation of all she can find; but as to any use of all this quotation, or any lesson to be derived from it, we are like Milton's "hungry sheep," who "look up and are not fed." Most of the quotations are tossed on to the page without comment, or with platitudinous irrelevancies. It is easy to see that in Shakespeare wine and other "drinks" are shown in use, and as they affect the life and conduct of men. Bacon has much to say in his scientific works about the same things. He refers to "History of wine," and "History of the Cellar and of different kinds of drink," as deficients, to be supplied; and in a large variety of aspects he discusses the scientific questions arising out of the use of drink. Mrs. Stopes collects as many as she can find of these, and then is rash enough to psychologise. "The moral question," she tells us, "never touches him; not even in his *Colours of Good and Evil* does he consider drink in its relation to character." The little collection of logical puzzles here referred to does not come within speaking distance of drink. The whole criticism is simply absurd. Why should Bacon put moral sugar-plums into his scientific treatises?

When the unfair fair critic discusses Shakespeare's allusions to drink, she finds all she looks for, and a little more than other people can find. It would be pleasant to discover in Shakespeare some

"praise of the power of Wincot ale." Mrs. Stopes finds it; we cannot. Shakespeare does not praise it; on the contrary he disparages it. He calls it the "smallest ale"; and as Prince Hal speaks of "small beer" as a "poor creature," the Wincot ale is, of course, superlatively poor.

Here is another choice morsel of criticism. Shakespeare, we are told,

"makes Cranmer prophesy of Elizabeth, at her christening in Westminster:—

"In her days every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine, what he plants,

"which suggests a more general cultivation of the vine than might have been supposed."

"Twice sod simplicity! *bis coctus!*" Cranmer is a clergyman, and talks in Biblical phraseology. The vine is the Biblical symbol for prosperity and festivity; it might have been coupled with the fig-tree, as it is in the passage from the prophet Micah that Cranmer uses. Mrs. Stopes can only see an agricultural labourer, with his dibble; the poetry, the Scriptural allusion, the Oriental symbolism, escape her view entirely.

In discussing the Baconian theory, Mrs. Stopes selects for refutation its two most distinguished champions, Mrs. Henry Pott (by the way, Mrs. Stopes always spells this name wrongly) and Mr. Donnelly. But what she says is so entirely unimportant that we are not disposed to waste time and space about it. The condensed argument in Mrs. Pott's two pamphlets, containing the results of many years' study condensed into a few pages, giving headings or hints of a vast collection of proofs, all capable of being largely expanded, are too solid and sane to be touched by any criticism Mrs. Stopes can produce. The mode in which she confronts this serried series of arguments, is to state them feebly in her own words and then say, "I do not think so," or some such non- (we will not say im-) pertinences. The reasonings are pecked at—scarcely ever picked up—never "chewed, swallowed, and digested."

To make our own criticism of this extraordinary performance rather less barren than the thing itself, we may note her very confident interpretation of Bacon's use of the word *Alphabet*. Mrs. Stopes says it simply means α, β, γ, δ, &c., used as a counting apparatus. How Bacon's great ideas dwindle when looked at through the reducing medium of strong prejudice! Bacon uses the symbol of an Alphabet in many beautiful ways.

1.—He admonishes those who would study nature to become as little children, to cast aside all philosophical systems that interpose between the mind and nature, to take the *Alphabet* of it into their hands by looking at the simplest and most ordinary phenomena.

2. But Bacon had a more technical use of the word. His conception of nature was that of a vast collection of compound bodies, formed by various combinations of elements or simple natures. His design was to discover, by inductive research, the nature of these abstract qualities, so as to master the processes of nature, and be able to recombine nature's elements in a manner analogous to that of nature herself: just as the colours on a painter's shell may be combined to make an infinite variety of shapes and faces. These simple or abstract qualities are the *alphabet* of nature: and the *Abecedarium Naturæ*, in which Mrs. Stopes finds only a nursery alphabet, is a gigantic attempt to grasp these simple natures, and arrange them in series, using the Greek alphabet—Greek being the very native language of science and philosophy—to designate these elements.

3. Bacon also calls his cipher one of the *Alphabet*, because it depends on a reconstructed Alphabet.

4. In the Promus, 516, there is an entry, "*Iisdem e literis efficitur Tragœdia et Comedia.* Tragedies and Comedies are made of one alphabet." Both the Latin and the translation are Bacon's own. This may mean that the same first principles of nature, differently combined, may produce what is serious or what is light:—or it may have a cryptic reference to the interior structure of some particular tragedies and comedies.

5. Bacon certainly used the word as a sort of password, of uncertain meaning. When writing to his friend Toby Mathew, he says:—

"I have sent you some copies of the *Advancement*, which you desired; and a little work of my recreation, which you desired not. My *Instauration* I reserve for our Conference—it sleeps not. Those works of the *Alphabet* are, in my opinion, of less use to you where you are now, than at Paris, and therefore I conceived that you had sent me a kind of tacit countermand of your former request. But in regard that some friends of yours have still insisted here, I send them to you; and for my own part, I value your own reading more than your publishing them to others."

And later in life he writes to the same friend about "*putting the Alphabet in a frame*"—an expression which is either nonsense or cryptic.

Mrs. Stopes, like many other would-be exterminators of Bacon's claim, sees the strong indications existing in these passages, of published writings of Bacon, not avowed as "Works of Recreation," talked about by the help of passwords. To reduce the significance of the word *Alphabet*, so used, to A.B.C., indicates Bias in a Frenzy, trying to minimize what it cannot destroy.

Francis Bacon, A Critical Review of His Life and Character, with Selections from His Writings. By B. G. Lovejoy, L.L.B. London: Fisher Unwin.—Is a needless book, which requires no extended notice from us; inasmuch as it is evidently a compilation intended to condense into one small volume all that a very "general reader" would care to know about Bacon's life and writings. About a third of the book is occupied by a selection from the Essays, and some of the occasional writings of Bacon, to which notes are appended, which are little more than reduplications of the text. Bacon describes this style of note-making:—

> "I think good thoughts, while others write good words,
> And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry *Amen*
> To every hymn that able spirit affords."

Mr. Lovejoy's notes cry *Amen* to Bacon's hymns.

As to the sketch of Bacon's life, we cannot enter again into the interminable discussion. The author has nothing but praise for Bacon's writings, nothing but blame for his career—a paradoxical contrast not likely to be true to nature and fact. The motto on the title-page is one line of Pope's well-known distich inaccurately quoted: and this is typical of the book: it is a reassertion of exploded calumnies, carelessly and inaccurately reported. Places and dates are in many cases wrong. The *animus* of detraction is conspicuous, and it is often expressed in undignified, coarse terms, which we do not care to quote. These faults are admitted by a good many of the reviewers who usually take on trust all that is written in censure of Bacon: but Mr. Lovejoy's blunders and improprieties shock even these easy critics. A writer who merely echoes Campbell and Macaulay need not detain us any longer.

Francis Bacon, His Life and Philosophy. By John Nichol, M.A., Professor of English Literature in the University of Glasgow. Part I. Bacon's Life.—Is one of a series of *Philosophical Classics for English*

Readers, now in course of publication. It is written in a scholarly style, and there is evidence that the writer has taken some pains to arrive at an independent judgment. For his estimate of Bacon is rather different from that of any other recent biographer. In most respects it is far more favourable; but inasmuch as the author considers himself "lenient" when he is favourable, there is a reserve of severity which constantly insists on expressing itself even when the balance of judgment tends to approval. Of Bacon's literary and imaginative qualities the Professor cannot speak too highly. He assigns to him so many essentially Shakespearian characteristics, that he finds it necessary to make a formal profession—which seems to us certainly as forced as it is formal, we may even call it reluctant—that Bacon did not write Shakespeare. He, however, quotes, with the rapture of a discoverer, the curious similarity between Bacon's lament over his deferred and defeated hopes, and a passage in *Coriolanus*. And he is careful to show, by dates, that Bacon could not have copied from Shakspere, and of course, as Shakspere had no opportunity of reading Bacon's private letters, the coincidence wants explaining. It is old history to some of us Baconians, and has been repeatedly quoted in illustrating our theory. As the parallel may be new to some of our readers, and is quite worth enshrining in our columns, we will quote it as given by Professor Nichol:—

"Nothing better represents the impression left by this part of his history than his own similitude: 'For, to be like a child following a bird, which, when he is nearest flieth away and lighteth a little before; and then the child *after it again*,' and so on *in infinitum*, I am weary of it.'

"This occurs in a letter to Fulke Greville (afterwards Lord Brooke), the probable date being 1595, and seems to have been first made public in Rawley's 'Resuscitatio,' 1657. It is therefore interesting to find in Shakespeare's 'Coriolanus,' of probable date 1610, a near transcript of it. 'I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again, and *after it again*; and over and over he comes, and up again.'"

Professor Nichol apparently thinks that Shakspere ought to have been "the grandest figure of his age," only, unfortunately, he was in the main *nominis umbra*, which is surely an anomaly that should be accounted for. Our author refers to the "noble kinmanship of Southampton and Shakspere." What can he know about this kinmanship, which, if it had been a fact, would have taken the

nominis umbra out of its obscurity and made both *nomen* and *hominem* conspicuous? The fact is, that in Professor Nichol's pages the real person of Shakespeare is clearly presented in Bacon, and if he will not see the features rightly it is not because he leaves the identity doubtful. He finds in *Measure for Measure* and the *Merchant of Venice* reflections of Bacon's peculiar political philosophy: and quoting an eloquent passsage from Bacon's prose, he says: "In this and similar passages we have the air of the same breezes that blow through the 'Tempest,' and Raleigh's voyage, and much of the Faery Queen." *Air of the same breezes* is rather delphic and non-compromising; when Professor Nichol opens his eyes a little wider he will talk more intelligibly—he may, for instance, give us a more solid definition of Bacon's metaphysics, than to inform us that it "is a golden cloud made to do duty for the apex of an uncompleted Pyramid." We have no doubt he is right, but we do not quite know what he means. This wonderful philosopher—so rigid, and frigid, and prosy, and stolid, according to some critics—writes a prose description of the fight of the *Revenge*, which is, Professor Nichol says, "not less stirring than the verse of Tennyson." In his "disgrace" he wrote petitions, and never were any "so obstinate, so eloquent, so rich in varied phrase and apt allusion." In all sorts of legal, political, and philosophical documents, "we seldom fail to meet, in his pages, with some broad generalization, some colour of fancy, some apt classical reference, or startling epigram. No man ever so illumined a mass of technical details with the light of genius." And in all the questions which he touched "he managed to give them fresh significance and dignity." Still more remarkable is the testimony which, as we remarked, needs a special certificate to secure the safety of the critic's orthodoxy :—

"Lord Bacon did not write Shakespeare's plays; but there is something startling in the like magnificence of speech in which they find voice for sentiments, often as nearly identical when they anticipate as when they contravene the manner of thought and standards of action that prevail in one country and in one age. They are similar in their respect for rank and dignity, in their belief in royal right divine, in their contempt for the *vulgus mutabile*, depreciation of the merely commercial, and exaltation of a military spirit; above all, in their view of the duty of Englishmen to knit together the forces, and extend the burden of—

"This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,

This fortress built by nature for herself,
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea.

"The above, and numerous other passages, show that neither the statesman nor the poet had, for good or evil, more share than any other Elizabethan, of our recent, sometimes, quixotic, cosmopolitanism."

Nor does the resemblance stop here. If Bacon was servile in his homage to majesty, so were "Sidney, Raleigh, and *Shakespeare*," and if Shakespeare really believed all he said of his 'imperial votress, fancy free,' and if Bacon equally exalted James, in both cases, "it follows that their faculties and judgments were so far benumbed and stunned." Now as there is no necessity for bringing Bacon and Shakspere into such startling comparison in writing a slight sketch of Bacon's life, it is not a little significant that the affinity between the "two" is so great that Professor Nichol involuntarily supplies a new chapter for the Baconian theory. We sincerely thank him for this obliging contribution to our literature, and cordially invite him to continue his studies in the same field. We fully expect, some day, to have his name on our list of members.

So far this sketch is very satisfactory, and in other respects we are bound to express our entire sympathy with its representation. Nearly everything that Bacon did or wrote is commended, and this is very remarkable when we consider the tone of censure that pervades the volume. It seems to us that in many cases Professor Nichol supplies the facts which disprove his own adverse judgments: his condemnations are self-contradictory; his applause is logical and self-consistent. Most of the censures are couched in general terms, and often refer to exactly the same particulars which are approved in detail. Also in many cases the praise seems spontaneous, the censure artificial—it is sometimes like an afterthought, or an arrest of a too spontaneous impulse; the censure is put in the margin after the too favourable report is drawn up. Thus there are plentiful and quite satisfactory explanations of Bacon's laudation of James in his published writings, and one might suppose that these would suffice; but no, the "*margin* of servility" must be put in, or the dole of rebuke would not be adequately supplied. Again, all the elements of a complete justification of Bacon's conduct in reference to Essex are given: we are shown in lively colours the pleas of private friendship, and the claims of public duty in painful conflict; there is evidently a moral struggle of truly agonising character. We are told that Bacon always reserved

his loyalty as supreme, and as of an essentially higher quality than private friendship. Bacon is therefore expressly "acquitted of anything like treachery"—it is allowed that he was so committed to the advocacy of public interests, by his previous professional and literary work, that "it is hard to state at what point of the business he should have refused his services:" and yet, after all this ample vindication, the writer bethinks himself that the *margin* is being neglected, for Professor Gardiner considers "that the course Bacon took indicates poverty of moral feeling." Accordingly, the fair page is blotted in the margin, and it is not easy to know what the ultimate verdict of the writer really is. He admits that Spedding's vindication "calls for a modification of the popular judgment similar, if not equal, to that achieved by Carlyle's Commentary on the letters of Cromwell." Yet the residuum of blame which he allows, contains the germ of all the vituperation which Macaulay and Campbell have poured forth. Evidently *Janus bifrons* is at Glasgow the divinity that presides over history.

Not less confusing are Professor Nichol's self-refuted references to Bacon's judicial course. He admits that Bacon's judgments were, except in one case, just; and he blames Dr. Abbott for giving to this one case, "as treasure-trove, almost malignant pre-eminence." But again the blot in the margin must be given:—that Bacon "sold justice, not injustice," although an echo of Lord Campbell, strikes us as being as near an approach to nonsense as could well be written on the case. Professor Nichol's supposition, that as a judge, he sold himself to Buckingham, is absolutely inconsistent with the account he has himself given of his judicial career. If this serfdom existed, let us know the result—let us hear of some judgments (besides a solitary "treasure trove,") proving subserviency. Nothing of the kind is offered. On the contrary it is admitted that some of Bacon's judgments were given in the teeth of Buckingham's recommendations, and that the letters annoyed Bacon: only as he did not resent them, he must bear the blame attaching to them.

So determined is our professor to assert (in spite of his own evidence), Bacon's subserviency to Buckingham, that he supposes that even though Bacon's judgments were just, we may suppose that Buckingham's partiality for particular suitors was not always misplaced; and that Bacon was guilty of obliging Buckingham, even when he passed just judgments; which only suggests that the critic enjoys fault-finding for its own sake—much like the schoolmaster who

thrashed the boy not because he had been doing anything wrong, but because he was sure to deserve it before the day was over.

Buckingham's letters prove that he tried to tamper with Bacon's judicial action—but to refer to them as proof that he succeeded in doing so is, in Bacon's and Shakespeare's sense of the word, preposterous. These letters may be as objectionable and dictatorial as Professor Nichol says they are, and we think he exaggerates—but they prove absolutely nothing about the receiver, much about the writer of the letters. What reputation is safe if a man is to be judged not by his own acts, but by reflected constructions put upon the acts of another person? Bacon's critics have a blind eye for his virtues, and a multiplying and magnifying lens for his faults. It seems to us that the reverse method of looking at these contrasted actions and qualities would be at once more true to history and life, and more honourable to the critics. It is a safe principle in morals that as a rule a man's virtues and good deeds represent him—his bad deeds misrepresent him. There is no man, however excellent, who would not be irretrievably blasted if the recording angel should trumpet forth all his faults and failings to the world, and invite reviewers and *precis* writers to comment upon them; even if they were allowed to put their approval into the text and their condemnation into the margin.

It seems then to us that Professor Nichol forces out of the facts of Bacon's life non-natural constructions, and consequently departs from the judicial impartiality both of a historian and moralist. And it is worth while showing that in a typical case his bias causes serious inaccuracy.

Professor Nichol speaks of two letters, written by Bacon to his aunt Lady Burghley, as initiating "the long list of incessant and importunate appeals for countenance, help, and promotion, which only closed with his death." Again, "The most wearisome portion of Bacon's biography is the almost intolerable detail of his almost endless suit for office." This is more definite than the former sentence, which represents the suit as relating also to countenance and help. "Pertinacious pleading" is another version of the same charge; and of the period during which Bacon was Attorney-General, *i.e.*, from October 1613 to March 1617, it is said, "These years are strewn or bespattered with suits for favour." Now to take the last statement first; it is just as easy to be accurate as not, and Professor Nichol makes an assertion which by half-an-hour's investigation he might

have ascertained to be entirely untrue. No letter approaching this description is to be found from October 1613 till February 1616. The years 1614 and 1615 are clear. There are two letters in February 1616 referring to the Lord Chancellor's decline and the probability of an early vacancy, and between February and June there are four letters referring to Bacon's very natural and indeed laudable wish to be made a Privy Councillor, in order that the advice which he was constantly giving might come with more weight and authority. He was acting as a Privy Councillor, and he wished to be one in title and law as well as in fact. Surely a suit for this need not hurt Professor Nichol's feelings. Six letters spread over less than five months represent three-and-an-half years "strewn and bespattered with suits for favours."

The truth is that it is the fashion to speak of Bacon as an importunate suitor; one sketch-compiler after another echoes the accusation, and no one takes the pains which any just and faithful historian would take to verify the statement. Let us then be allowed roundly to deny the whole charge. Bacon was *not* a persistent suitor. For years together no trace of suing is to be found. For instance, let us start from the year 1597. In 1598 there is one letter dated January 22nd, 1598, to the Lord Keeper, which may have an indirect reference to his Star Chamber reversion. This was a matter of possession, and therefore no suing is involved. There is also one letter to the Queen in March 1600, referring to some land. Excepting this there is no suing letter of any kind between November 1597 and March 1603. At that time Bacon wrote about a dozen letters to various friends who were likely to use their influence in his favour on the occasion of the accession of King James. These twelve all refer to one occasion, and may be looked upon as one, so far as the "bespattering" process is concerned. Afterwards there are no more till March 1607, when Bacon wrote four times respecting the office of Solicitor-General, to which he was appointed in that year. With these few exceptions, we hear of no suing of any kind between 1597 and 1611, *i.e.*, 13 entire years. There are a few letters in 1611, 1612, and 1613, two of which, although they are merely *offers of service*, yet may count as requests for favour, and thus contributory to the fatigue of these delicate critics; four are requests for promotion to be Attorney-General; and then, with the trifling exceptions before noted, we hear of no petitioning letter of any sort till after his fall in 1621. Here then is about a quarter of a century in which, with few and very unim-

portant exceptions, there is no suing at all. The fact is that the only portion of Bacon's life where these letters are unpleasantly numerous is during the years 1593-97 (the year 1596, however, must be excepted, when only two such letters are preserved) During these years Bacon was designedly kept "in appetite" by the expectation of being made Solicitor-General. For this he applied chiefly to those whom he had a right to address—his nearest relations (Burghley and Cecil), or his most intimate friends (Essex and Puckering). His letters to Burghley were dignified and autobiographic. They are not only unobjectionable, but most interesting and valuable, and are constantly quoted as indications of his comprehensive knowledge and studious aims. During this time the suing was not confined to Bacon; others joined in the same petitions, especially his brother Anthony, his half-brother Thomas Cecil, and his friend Essex. There was nothing to be ashamed of in this suing—it was the recognised way of making application for employment. At no time was there any selfish claim for mere pelf—no seeking for patents, or monopolies, or lucrative patronage, or money. Once, in 1600, Bacon wrote the Queen respecting some land to which he considered he had a claim, but this need not qualify Professor Nichol's statement that "Bacon never applied for any post which he was not well fitted and entitled to fill." The wearisome feature is the delay in appointing such a man to his right position, and the indignity put upon him by the selection of inferior and less-qualified men before him. The suits were endless because the postponements were so; but the importunate element was much more represented by Essex than by himself. There are indeed clear indications that the importunity of his friends was distasteful to himself. Not till he was forty-seven years of age did he attain office of trust and emolument. After his fall there is a sad period of suing for restoration to freedom, for complete remission of his sentence, for means of support in his extreme penury, and such like. Professor Nichol speaks of these letters as a mixture of "dignity and abasement;" "never were petitions so obstinate, so eloquent, so rich in varied phrase and apt allusion, or so pitiful." "Pitiful" indeed they were, but there was no self-abasement in them: the consciousness of rectitude, the absolute incapability of realising that his fall was aught but misfortune—which all recent biographers admit—surely this does not mean abasement; it means righteous and dignified protest against undeserved injury. We refer, however, to these letters only to complete our reference to the "pertinacious pleading," which

Professor Nichol says characterized his whole life. If these sad petitions are left out of account, the infinite pathos of which might really disarm censure, we unhesitatingly affirm that Bacon's suing, with rare exceptions, ceased in the year 1597, and to speak of the habit as giving colour to his entire life is false. Considering the habits of the times, and that all this shrill outcry about suing is entirely modern, we think it is high time to protest against the unscrupulous and rancorous extravagance with which the charge is enforced by men who ought to know better.

We have so much sympathy with a good deal that Professor Nichol writes that it is a disappointment to find so good a book almost spoiled by prejudice, inaccuracy, and extravagance. It is very significant that Bacon's detractors are obliged invariably to fortify their censure by depreciation of Mr. Spedding. Professor Nichol, in his attempt to find a *via media* between the "infatuation," as he politely puts it, of Spedding, and the "almost malignancy"—another fragant flower of speech—of Abbott and his class, seems to allow no one to praise or blame but himself, reminding us of the moralist who rebuked his butler for swearing, a right which he reserved, with severe restriction, for himself. In truth, he himself descends to the level of the worst when, imitating Macaulay's most artificial manner, he speaks of James as a "contemptible figure, slobbering about the infamous Somerset, or shivering in the grasp of Gondomar;" or when he condescends to the ridiculously inaccurate assertion that Bacon was "distrusted as a friend, despised as an enemy"—a general statement absolutely disproved (as usual) by such details as the book contains, notably the history of his friendship for Tobie Matthew and Ben Jonson. A professor of English literature ought to know that these picturesque fancy portraits and well-rounded symmetrical antitheses are nearly always fictitious. It is quite possible that some of Spedding's judgments will have to be modified,—but we are quite sure that they are not to be shaken by rash attacks and ill-reasoned verdicts, which the Glasgow Professor and his recent compeers enunciate. If they would only take half the amount of pains that Spedding did to weigh their own words; to look at the 17th century with the eye of a contemporary, not of a superfine 19th century superior person, to make no sweeping statements whatever, and to be ready always if possible to accept charitable interpretations of doubtful facts, they might be less brilliant and amazing, but they would be more true, more righteous, and more humane.

"*Is There Any Resemblance Between Shakespeare and Bacon?*" * by C. F. Steel, as we learn, though there is no author's name in the book itself, — is intended to close the question by proving that Bacon was such a bad, vulgar, common-place man that he could have had nothing in common with Shakspere. The book is a notable illustration of the "Psychologic" argument, so much valued by Mrs. Stopes and newspaper critics: it saves a good deal of trouble and looks very sagacious and profound The real arguments are set aside with dignified disdain, and the conclusion reached by an easy spring. In this book the question itself is scarcely touched, and the disdain is plentiful but not dignified. Judge Holmes's book is dismissed in fourteen lines of irrelevant insult, too silly to be worth further notice (p. 213). A few pages are devoted to the *Promus*, but more than half of these pages is taken up with wrangle, and the real problem of the book is not grappled with. The whole book, as we will prove, is so extravagantly intemperate, that one may fairly question the writer's sanity; we cannot pretend to give it any extended notice; the amenities of journalism will not allow us to treat the bad qualities of this strange composition as they deserve. The only fitting thing is to allow the author to speak for himself, by quoting a few specimens of his style. *Ex pede Herculem.* We will begin with a mild specimen.

"The lovers of the plays demand that these shall have an honest origin, and a manly author, and will not believe that they could have been written in shame and fear, sneaked out of a back door, and imposed upon the wittiest and brightest people of that age under circumstances that would disgrace all concerned" (p. 37.)

The sublime aphorism which opens the *Novum Organum* is thus characterized:—

"Aphorism, No. 1, is more like Bunsby than Shakespeare."

Bacon's highly metaphoric remarks on Rhetoric, *De Aug.* VI. iii., Op. IV. 492, are referred to as follows:—

"This is certainly the apparatus of rhetoric, and is mechanical to the plainest degree. It is a most ordinary conception of the subject of elegant literature. It would, in these times, excite the ridicule of a boy's schoolmates. It is too dull for Shakespeare's fools. If Shakespeare had written about the door, windows, back-rooms and staircases of speech, he would have put it into the mouth of a Dogberry, and

* London: Field & Tuer, "The Leadenhall Press," p.p. 301.

would have mingled some drollery with it to make its absurdity amusing."

As to Bacon's Nomenclature in the *Novum Organum*, so universally admired for its picturesque and poetic beauty:—

"Bacon invented a Nomenclature suited to his fancy of the subject, but so rude and inappropriate as never to have been accepted by others" (p. 76).

In his treatment of the *New Atlantis* this astonishing critic surpasses himself. The italics in the following quotations are the writer's own, intended to accentuate the more than ordinarily exquisite civilities. As to the opening of the story, he remarks:—

"There is no other form of narrative so cheap and unimaginative as the miraculous. It hesitates at no degree of improbability; it sets all natural laws and human experience at defiance. Absurdity is not an obstacle, and originality not a requisite. If one has not invention enough to plan the opening of a story, or a reasonable ground for a theory, he can begin with a dream, or an apparition, or a column of light, or some astronomical peak, and get his tale launched in that way; but it denotes a dearth of imagination, and is barren of originality. He simply needs to talk about it in an awe-struck and sanctimonious way," (p. 159).

Then he compares this glorious prose poem to the book of Mormon, the plates of which Mr. Joseph Smith, jun.,

"Carted away, *concealed in a barrell of beans*, &c., &c. . . . A bumpkin describing a Lord Mayor's show could not use more commonplace terms or more homely similes."

Then comes a comic description of the feast of the tirsan, with plentiful quotations, the tirsan being accepted as Bacon's description of himself :—

"I have read praises of this paper, but I can only see in it the unctuous vulgarity of a nature fond of show, ceremony, parade, homage, and incense; and barren of sentiment, poetry, grace and spirituality. . . . It is not a feast at all, but only a *feed for the old tirsan*. . . . Such a ceremony could only be imagined by a man of earthly tastes, who was fond of picturing himself the object of adulation, awe, and worship. It could have no other purpose. If one can forget its selfishness and its disgusting features, it may become amusing, but it has nothing in it worthy of serious thought," &c. (p. 175).

Bacon's opinions about the drama and the stage are not only caricatured but misrepresented.

"At that time, when Shakespeare's plays were coming upon the stage

. . . . Bacon had no more appreciation of their incomparable beauty or sense of their marvellous dramatic merit, than a sneer at the stage, which he dismissed with a few paragraphs of contemptuous drivel" (p. 49).

The writer quotes Aphorism 112, in the *Novum Organum*, to prove that Bacon

"deprecates the time, talent, and fortune, that people waste upon studies of far inferior value and importance, viz., works of fiction and imagination, which admit of no termination and only of confusion. . . . As Ben Jonson, Herbert, and Playfair, assisted Bacon in his translations, it is quite probable that Bacon's regrets at the time, talent, and money wasted on works of fiction and imagination, were directed at them" (p. 184).

One could scarcely suppose it possible that any one with enough culture to write a grammatical sentence could blunder in this style. Plainly Bacon is not referring to any other works of fiction except barren philosophical guesses and speculations, which had been substituted for observation and experiment in the investigation of nature. This passage is referred to over and over again to prove that Bacon despised all imaginative literature. Equally stupid is the inference that because Bacon, in condemning certain intellectual errors and futilities called them Idols of the *Theatre*, therefore he condemns the theatre (p. 54). The same line of argument might be used to prove that Bacon disapproved of *market-places* and *tribes*—and consequently markets, nations, and anything you wish. Any schoolboy reading his lesson so carelessly would be deservedly sent to the bottom of his class with a caning and an imposition.

There are, beside these mountebank and muddle-headed performances, plenty of historical inaccuracies and inventions. The writer speaks of Bacon as never having written any Masques. He quotes some of the angry sentences written by Bacon's mother when insanity was invading her splendid intellect, as if they represented genuine facts. He says that when Bacon was arrested for £300, "he tried to get the Queen to pay it," a statement unsupported by the least shred of evidence. He refers to the last letter Bacon wrote as if it had been written under the consciousness of approaching death, and quotes it as a dying testimony: of which letter Spedding says it was "evidently composed without any idea that he was dictating it from his death-bed." It is indeed plain that when Bacon wrote it he simply thought he had taken cold: the cold turned out more serious than he supposed,

and brought on capillary bronchitis, which proved fatal. Again our author says that Queen Elizabeth must have read Bacon's *Essay of Masques and Triumphs*—an essay not written till many years after the Queen's death. He suggests that Bacon's exclusion from the precincts of the Court after his fall lasted till 1624; the fact being that it ceased in the month of March, 1622.

As a last specimen, we may give the following :—

"If among his contemporaries there is any testimony of the love of a friend, or praise of a noble quality, I have not found it. His superiors held him in contempt, his equals despised him, and his inferiors ridiculed him. He had no element of popularity, and no qualities to win esteem or confidence" (p. 249).

This is said of the man of whom his friend Tobie Matthew wrote:—

"It is not his greatness that I admire, but his virtue; it is not the favours I have received from him (infinite though they be), that have thus enthralled and enchained my heart, but his whole life and character," &c.

This is the man of whom his friend Ben Jonson said that "greatness he could never want";—that in the days of his adversity "he could never *condole* in a word or syllable to him, as knowing that no accident could do harm to virtue, but rather serve to make it manifest." These bitter calumnies were hurled at a man so popular that he was over and over again elected by two or even three constituencies as a member of Parliament—so honoured and trusted in the House of Commons that he was constantly chosen as spokesman or leader, even in cases where his own opinion was not quite the same as that of those he represented—so popular, that an exception was made in his favour and a new precedent introduced, permitting him to sit after taking an office which had been considered incompatible with the retention of a seat. In this case the difficulty raised was partly an expression of a prevailing desire in the House of Commons to thwart or oppose the Court; and it is curiously significant of Bacon's universal popularity, that his Court connexion did not prevent him from being one of the most popular members of Parliament ever known. Of all this our author knows nothing, his ignorance being on a level with his rancour.

We have quoted enough to show that we must not look to this writer for good sense, good taste, or historic veracity, much less for sympathy with what is generous, humane, poetic and refined, either

in literature or character. The estimate of Bacon which is here expressed is abandoned even by his least gentle critics. It is not only unhistoric, it is irrational, impossible, untrue to human nature, monstrous and prodigious.

The most plausible chapter in this book is that criticising Bacon's poetry—*i.e.*, his version of the Psalms, which, the censor says, the Baconians "studiously ignore." This is, of course, not true. The question is carefully handled by Mr. Watts (see Vol. I. of this Journal, page 130), and Baconians are rather fond of producing Mr. Spedding's belief, *founded on these Psalms*, that Bacon's undeveloped poetical capabilities, if they had been cultivated, might have given him "a place among the great poets." Our author quotes the disparaging parts of Spedding's estimate, but "studiously ignores" the praise, and after such a mutilated and garbled reference, as really almost amounts to a reversal and falsification of Spedding's entire belief, he adds: "I have quoted what Bacon's historians say of his half-a-dozen attempts 'at versification.'" Moreover, he produces the whole of the 104th Psalm, the least meritorious of the whole, and "studiously ignores" the 90th, which is entirely Shakespearian in its tone, style, and vigour. In truth, the existence of these Psalms, whatever may be thought of them, is rather helpful to our case than otherwise, because it shows that one side of the Shakespearian enigma has a Baconian parallel. For, granting all that can be alleged against these poems, allowing that many lines are stilted, halting, awkward, unmusical, what you will, the puzzle still remains that Bacon, with his musical ear, his unrivalled mastery of language, his affluent imagination, his exquisite literary faculty, should have considered these singular compositions worth publication. It is quite as remarkable that Bacon should own these as Shakspere. Our author accepts Shakspere's "Lucy" lampoons as genuine, and even finds new light on the "bent of his genius" in this wretched stuff. We need not bring Bacon's poetry into comparison with these shocking compositions, but we may safely compare it with many passages in the plays. Mr. Richard Grant White says of one passage in *King Lear* that it is "hardly more than a succession of almost trite moral reflections put in a sententious form, and written in verse as weak, as constrained, and as formal as that of a French tragedy," and he stands at gaze before these and other "prim platitudes" and "piping couplets" placed in close connexion with some of the most stupendous strains of poetry that human genius ever produced. The passages he refers to are—

1. When we our betters see, bearing our woes, etc.—*Lear III.*, vi., 109—117.

2. Fare thee well, King, sith thus thou wilt appear, etc.—*I.*, i. 184—191.

3. Let your study Be to content your Lord, etc.—*I.* i., 280—285, and side by side with these he places Friar Lawrence's soliloquy in *Romeo and Juliet.*

4. "Oh, mickle is the powerful grace," etc.—*II.* iii., 15—26.

Let any one read the epilogues in Shakespeare, or many of the concluding speeches which serve as epilogues—those in the *Tempest*, *All's Well*, *Henry VIII.*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Tro. and Cres.*, the end of the third act of *Meas. for Meas.*, all the Gower verses in *Pericles*, and say whether the existence of doggerel verse, unmusical lines, "piping couplets," "prim platitudes," prosaic sentences, is impossible in the works of the author of *Venus and Adonis* and *Hamlet.* The poet who could put into a lovely lyric such an anti-climax as

> "Golden lads and girls all must
> As chimney-sweepers, come to dust,"

must be allowed a large indulgence. The writer of these stilted verses may be the same as the author of the poorest of Bacon's Psalms. Doubtless Shakespeare critics get over these difficulties by calling them actors' tags, playhouse survivals, interpolations by inferior hands. But, as Mr. White says, "If we once begin to suspect and reject, where are we to stop?" This weeding process is mere desperation, and, indeed, is part of the larger puzzle of authorship and origin which necessitates a departure from the accepted theory. Bacon's Psalms hint at a possible solution of the difficulty raised by the many limping lines in Shakespeare.

The difficulty suggested by Bacon's Psalms has been met in various ways. Mr. W. H. Smith contends that they are admirably adapted to singing, and fortifies himself by the judgment of Sir W. Macfarren on the skilful way in which Bacon puts the Psalms into a shape suitable for musical expression. Mr. Appleton Morgan makes a similar defence:—

"It is not safe to judge of his poetical powers by his paraphrase of the Psalms, which was written—just as John Milton's paraphrase was written—in what is to us, to-day, the purest doggerel. But that these versions were so written purposely, in order that the meanest intellects might commit them to memory and sing them, no one at all familiar

with the times can doubt for a moment. If there is any degree in doggerel, Milton's verses are the most ridiculous."

This is evidently reasonable. The Metrical Psalms belong to a class of compositions *sui generis*, and it is quite possible that their homely, unpretending quality was purposed, in order that they might enter into household and familiar use. The Scotch version sounds just as uncouth to English ears, but those who have used them all their life know how the quaint, home-spun language becomes endeared by use and association, and serves as a medium for devout sentiment not to be replaced by the most refined compositions of the best modern hymn-writers. Here, as elsewhere, we may see the stubborn thistle bursting into glossy purples that outredden all voluptuous garden roses.

We have much pleasure in publishing the following letter from our venerable leader, Mr. W. H. Smith:—

To the Editor of the "Bacon Journal."

DEAR SIR,—In a footnote at page 22, in his pamphlet on "Bacon and Shakespeare," Sir Theodore Martin writes:—"We are not aware whether Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps has published his views upon the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, but that he regards the proposition that Bacon wrote the plays and the arguments on which it is founded as 'lunacy,' we have direct means of knowing."

I am not disposed to dispute the correctness of Sir Theodore Martin's statement, but having had the pleasure of an interview with Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps no longer ago than the 26th inst., I have his authority for stating that he considers the authorship of the Shakespeare plays and poetry a legitimate subject of enquiry.

I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

WILLIAM HENRY SMITH.

November 27th, 1888.

We have barely space to mention the fact that Rev. Scott Surtees has written a small book to prove that not Bacon, but Sir Anthony Shirley, was the true author of Shakespeare. He will not convince many persons. Those who are led by his arguments to doubt the current belief will be speedily gathered into the Baconian fold.

BACON, SHAKESPEARE, AND THE ROSICRUCIANS.*

We hail with satisfaction the publication of Mr. Wigston's remarkable and learned work, on a subject of which others have thought and discoursed, especially with regard to the sonnets, but which is for the first time brought forward in print with a boldness and ability which must rank the author as first amongst the pioneers in this newly opened mine of truth.

The time is now ripe for freer and more wide-reaching inquiries and speculations than we have yet dared to indulge in with regard to many great problems connected with the name of Francis Bacon. Foremost amongst these problems are these:—Why did Bacon find it necessary not only, as he says, "to keep state" with regard to his works, and to conceal his authorship of a vast quantity of them during his life-time; but why did his friends continue the mystery after his death? Why did he alter the arrangement of some of his writings, *e.g.*, the order of entries in the *Sylva Sylvarum?* Why in a similar way did his friends cancel or confuse the dates and addresses of letters left for publication? How could he have found time for the vast amount of work which philological investigations, and close comparison of words, phrases, thoughts, opinions, &c., are forcing us to conclude were his alone in origin and construction?

When Francis Bacon embarked in fresh enterprises, when he knew himself to be propounding new ideas, theories still unproved, results still crude and in *process* of discovery, he did not shock his hearers by dogmatic statements which prejudice or ignorance at the time rendered them unfit to receive. If others expressed opinions from which he differed, he did not assail them with opprobrious epithets, "insinuate

* Bacon, Shakespeare and the Rosicrucians; by W. F. C. Wigston. London, Redway.

The Real History of the Rosicrucians; by Arthur Edward Ward. London, Redway.

Rosicrucians, their Rites and Mysteries; by Hargreave Jennings. London, Redway.

them" of dishonesty and ignorance, or commend them to a mad-house. Rather, he said calmly, "Let it be inquired," and he "noted deficiencies in knowledge" which should be supplied. As faithful followers let us imitate his example and try to enquire into the most simple facts which may help us to answer the question suggested by Mr. Wigston's book, "Was Bacon the Centre of a Secret Society?" At this hour very little is generally thought or known of the Great Secret Societies of the middle ages, but we have only to read the unpretentious volumes of Mr. Waite or Mr. Heckethorne, to gain a good idea of the extent to which all regions of thought, whether in religion, science, or politics, were influenced by the working of these powerful agencies and brotherhoods, secretly and mysteriously leagued together for the furthering of their various ends and schemes. The times were dark and dangerous; worthy pioneers of any new philosophy or science must work like Hamlet's mole, underground, unperceived, often changing their local habitations and their names. Without such precautions, liberty, life itself, were in hourly peril. We need only think for an instant of such men as Luther, Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, Sir Thomas More, Galileo, Bruno, to be penetrated with a sense of the risks and perils which must have been run by all who dared in those days to "loose their long imprisoned thoughts," or to act upon Bacon's favourite axiom, "thought is free." We cannot fail to see that every ardent and original thinker or labourer on behalf of any great movement, whether religious, philanthropic, scientific, or political, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, must have been a member of some one of the Great Secret Societies which then permeated the civilised world. Those who duly weigh and sift all attainable evidence on these matters will probably conclude with Mr. Wigston, that the Society of which Bacon was the centre, and which perhaps he founded for the express purpose of carrying out his own vast schemes, is the mysterious and fascinating fraternity of the Rosie-Cross. For those who have not the time or opportunity for research, it may be useful briefly to summarise the aims of the Rosicrucians and the rules by which they hoped to secure those aims.

We gather from the evidence collected, that the objects of the fraternity were threefold. (1) To purify religion and to stimulate reform in the Church. (2) To promote and advance learning and science. (3) To mitigate the miseries of humanity and to restore man to the original state of purity and happiness from which, by sin, he has fallen.

If we compare the utterances of the supposed authors of the Rosicrucian Manifestoes with Bacon's reiterated statements as to his own views and aspirations, we shall find them to be identical in thought and sentiment, sometimes identical in expression. And here let us draw attention to the eloquent and beautiful chapter with which Mr. Spedding opens his "Letters and Life of Bacon."* After telling of the brilliant career of the youthful Francis at Trinity College, Cambridge, of the disappointment which he experienced in that University where he hoped to have learnt all that men knew, but where, as he declared, they taught words not matter, Mr. Spedding says:—"It was then a thonght struck him, the date of which deserves to be recorded, not for anything extraordinary in the thought itself, but for its influence upon his after life. If our study of nature be thus barren, he thought, our method of study must be wrong; might not a better method be found? In him the gift of seeing in prophetic vision what might be, and ought to be, was united with the practical talent of devising means and handling minute details. He could at once imagine like a poet, and execute like a clerk of the works. Upon the conviction, This may be done, followed at once the question, How can it be done? Upon that question followed the resolution to try and do it." The writer then describes how the suggestion ripened into a project, the circumstances of Bacon's early life tending to enlist him on the side of reform, religious, studious, and philanthropic, and to nourish in him high and loyal aspirations.

"Assumi ? then," continues the biographer, "that a deep interest in these three great causes, the cause of reformed religion, of his native country, and of the human race through all their generations—was thus early implanted in that vigorous and virgin soil, we must leave it to struggle up as it may, according to the accidents of time and weather. . . . Of Bacon's life I am persuaded that no man will ever form a correct idea, unless he bear in mind that from very early youth his heart was divided by these three objects, distinct but not discordant."

If we compare these three objects of Bacon and the Rosicrucians, not only in their broad features, but in general detail, we shall find the same ideas throughout, and the same metaphors to express those ideas. Space does not permit of enlarging upon this portion of the subject, but we may point out the endless allusions to God as the great source of Light and Knowledge: to the Clouds, Veils, Mists, or Curtains which

* Vol. i., p. 5.

are to screen knowledge for awhile from the eyes of the vulgar; to the gift of tongues as God's great gift to man, without which knowledge cannot be imparted, which should be inseparable from thought. "Language," without which the animal man did gabble "like a beast most brutish." Again, in the Rosicrucian documents, we see Bacon's ship, as on the title-page of the *De Augmentis*, sailing over the seas of knowledge to all distant provinces, bringing home argosies of *knowledge* —the gold, pearls and precious stones of the Rosicrucians. Again we have Knowledge or Truth figured as the true Touchstone, the Philosopher's Stone, the "Richest Alchemy" by which ignorance is transmuted into wisdom, evil into good, and so forth. We have parables and allegories of man dragged up from *Caves*, *Dens*, *Pits* of ignorance and depravity by *cords*, (the efforts of others) or mounting by the *Ladders* of their own industry, or soaring, "but these are few," on the "Wings" of that knowledge and genius "wherewith we fly to heaven."*

There is also, in the R. C. documents, frequent reference to the *Signatura rerum*, which although of Paracelsian origin, seems to have a secondary and covert reference to some secret "*internal and interior writing*," possibly to the wonderful and elaborate word-cipher which Mr. Donnelly believes he has discovered, and to other wheel, letter, and figure ciphers, of which Bacon speaks, and which ingenious and persevering minds, working upon Mr. Donnelly's original suggestion, believe that they are producing and will be able to perfect.

Nearly all the subjects lightly touched upon here, and many others which we are forced to pass over, are treated of and similarly handled by the Rosicrucian writers, and in the, "Anatomy of Melancholy."

We find the Rosie-Cross brethren speaking of the Great Book of Nature which contains the Secrets of God, "Nature's infinite book of secresy" in which, says the soothsayer in *Anthony and Cleopatra*, "a little I can read." We know how profoundly Bacon had studied in that same book. Many times we find him referring to it, but none who have read can forget the beautiful prayer of his old age, in which he says, "*Thy creatures have been my books*, but Thy Scriptures much more; I have sought Thee in the courts, fields and gardens, but I have found Thee in Thy temples." So the contemplative philosopher in *As You Like It.*

> "Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good (*or God*) in everything."

* 2 *Hen. VI.* IV. vii. 79.

So too we find the Rosicrucians adopting and shaping to their own use the doctrine of man as the *Microcosm* or complete compendium of the world; we read of the *Workshop* which every man has, both visibly and invisibly, in mind and body, (the Promus and Condus of which Bacon speaks in the *De Augmentis*, and which give the name to one of his collections of notes). The Paracelsian theory of spirits in nature, and of the elementals, nymphs, genii, or spirits, even in things inanimate, is reproduced almost in the words of the "Anatomy." The study of these works is of surpassing interest and profit, when taken in connection with the same ideas in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Macbeth*, and the *Tempest*, in all of which the graceful and poetical fancies of the Rosicrucians reappear with startling vividness. One writer (*not a Baconian*) cites Ariel as a perfect impersonation of a Rosicrucian nymph such as the Count de Gabalis describes:—"The air is replete with an innumerable multitude of creatures having numerous shapes, but of no sex. They are not spirits, for they act and eat, talk and sleep. Somewhat fierce in appearance but docile in reality; great lovers of the sciences, subtle, serviceable to the sages, and enemies of the foolish and ignorant."*

We cannot now discuss the question of authorship, but since Mr. Donnelly has drawn attention to it there need be no hesitation in stating a theory which rests on no unsubstantial foundations. There are some of us who believe that Robert Burton, *whose name is not in the early editions of the Anatomy of Melancholy*, was, like many others, merely a "brother" or apprentice of Bacon's secret society; an instrument for the production, in due season, of certain MSS. alluded to in *the first* copy of Bacon's will, wherein he leaves the contents of his "*cabinet and presses full*" of papers to three trustees, to be by them *published or suppressed*, at their discretion.

The first pages of the "Anatomy," in words which at every breath ring with the familiar sound of lines in "Shakespeare," as in other portions of Bacon's writings, echo the utterances of the Rosicrucians as to man's excellency, his fall and miseries, his infirmities, and the causes of them.

"Man, the most excellent and noble creature of the world, the principal and mighty work of God, wonder of nature, . . . the abridgment and epitome of the world, sovereign Lord of the earth; viceroy of the world, sole commander and governor of all the creatures in it; to

* Heckethorn's Secret Societies of the Middle Ages.

whose empire they are subject in particular, and yield obedience; far surpassing all the rest, not in body only, but in soul; *Imaginis imago*, created to God's own image, to that immortal and incorporeal substance, with all the faculties and powers belonging unto it; was at first pure, divine, perfect, happy. . . *Deo congruens*, free from all manner of infirmities, and put into paradise to know God, to praise and glorify Him, to do His will. . . to propagate the Church.

"But this most noble creature, *Heu tristis et lachrymosa commutatio*, O pitiful change! is fallen from that he was, and forfeited his estate, become *miserabilis homuncio*, a cast-away, a caitiff, one of the most miserable creatures of the world, if he be considered in his own nature . . . so much obscured by his fall that (some few reliques excepted) he is inferior to a beast—a monster by stupend metamorphosis, a fox, a dog, a hog, what not? *Quantum mutatus ab illo?* How much altered from that he was! . . He must eat his meat in sorrow, subject to death, and all manner of infirmities, all kinds of calamities:"—or, as Hamlet says, "the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to," and all "that makes calamity of so long life." No words can better express the Rosicrucian doctrines on these points,* or the whole tone of Bacon's mind as manifested in his acknowledged works,—his admiration for the divine attributes and noble faculties of man as God made him; his commiseration for man's pitiful degradation—once God-like, angelic in faculty and action, the Beauty of the World, now a very beast, a monster, devilish.

To raise men from their miseries, to improve them morally, intellectually, physically; to make them happier as well as better, to restore them to their pristine purity and nobility, these were the objects and absorbing aims of his existence, and finding himself unequal, single-handed, to such a work, he seems to have endeavoured to form a league amongst the learned and powerful of his acquaintance, who might aid in the propagation of his doctrines and reforms. Bacon, as we have seen, was only *fifteen years* old when he conceived the thought of founding a new system for the advancement of knowledge and the benefit of humanity. The R.C. manifestoes inform us that the founder of the Society and the writer of one of the most important documents, "The Chymical Marriage," was *a boy of fifteen*. Mr. Waite observes, naturally enough, that the knowledge evidenced

* See the Confession of the R.C. Fraternity, &c. "Real History of the Rosicrucians" chap. vii.

by the paper in question of the practices and purposes of alchemy, was impossible to the most precocious lad. But in mind Francis Bacon never was a lad, and the fact remains that at the age of fifteen he had practically taken the degee of Master of Arts, and that he left Cambridge in disgust at finding nothing more to learn there.

In another R.C. document, the *Fama Fraternitatis*, full (as all these writings are) of Bacon's ideas and peculiarities of expression, we read that the high and noble spirit of one of the fraternity was stirred up to enter into the scheme for a general reformation, and to travel away to the wise men of Arabia. This may be interpreted to mean that he commenced his study of Rhasis, and of other Hermetic writers from whom we find Bacon quoting. At this time, the document informs us, this young member *was sixteen years old*, and *for one year he had pursued his course alone.* Then, seeing the impossibility of completing his self-imposed labours, he besought help from others; and we learn from yet another document that a society was formed, of which the members were not to exceed sixty-three in number. Here we cannot but call to mind the numerous curious entries in the *Commutarius* or *Transportata*,* Bacon's note-book, where we find him maturing schemes for depreciating "the philosophy of the Grecians with some better respect to ye Ægiptians, Persians, Chaldees, and the utmost antiquity, and the mysteries of the poets." "To consyder what opynions are fitt to nourish *Tanquam Ansæ*, and so to grift the new upon the old, ut religiones solent;" of the "ordinary cours of Incompetency of reason for natural philosophy and invention of woorks," and of means to procure "histories" of all things natural, and mechanical lists of errors, observations, axioms, &c. Then follow entries from which we abridge.

"Layeing for a place to command wytts and pennes, Westminster, Eton, Wynchester, Spec(ially) Trinity Coll: Cam: St. John's Cam: Maudlin Coll: Oxford." "Qu. Of young schollars in ye Universities. *It must be the post nati.*" "Giving pensions to four to search and compile the two histories ut supra. Foundac: of a College for inventors. . . . Library. . . . Inginary. Qu. Of the order and discipline the rules and prescripts of their studyes and inquyries, allowances for travailing. Intelligence and correspondence with ye Universities abroad. Qu. Of the maner and prœscripts touching secresy, tradition, and publication."

* See Spedding L.L. iv. 3.

Here we seem to gain glimpses of the "seeds and weak beginnings," which time was to bring to ripeness. The first plans for collecting a mass of materials by means of "young schollars" of the new school, the "new birth" and "after birth" of philosophy the *Temporis Partus Masculus*, and *Partis Secundæ Delineatio* of which Bacon thought and wrote so much.

It would seem that the wits and pens of the sixty-three "young schollars" were chartered, and secured under the seal of the Rosie-Cross Imperator. The last of the manifestoes in Mr. Waite's book contains this passage, in which, probably, few students will fail to recognise the sentiments, the intentions, nay, the very words of Bacon.

"*I was twenty when this book was finished*, but methinks I have outlived myself, I begin to be weary of the sun. . . I have shaken hands with delight, and know all is vanity, and I think no man can live well once, but he that could live twice. Yet for my part I would not live over my hours past,* or begin again the minutes of my days, not because I have lived well, but for fear that I should live them worse. At my death I mean to take a total adieu of the world, not caring for the burthen of a tombstone and epitaph, nor so much as the bare memory of my name to be found anywhere, but in the universal Register of God. I fix my contemplations on Heaven. I writ the Rosicrucian 'Infallible Axiomata' in four books, and study, not for my own sake only, but for theirs that study not for themselves. In the law I began to be a perfect clerk; I writ the "Idea of the Law,"† &c., for the benefit of my friends, and practice in King's Bench. I envy no man that knows more than myself, but pity them that know less. . . . Now in the midst of all my endeavours there is but one thought that dejects me, that my acquired parts must perish with myself, nor can be legacied amongst my dearly beloved and honoured friends."

As we wend our way through the Rosicrucian documents, noting the abundant and conspicuous traces of Bacon's mind and pen, we find ourselves suddenly confronted with "John Heydon's" *Voyage to the Land of the Rosicrucians*, which is, as Mr. Wigston shows, nothing more or less than the whole of Bacon's *New Atlantis*. The only differences which appear are in changes of names, and in the improve-

* Comp. Posthumous Ess. of Death.

† Comp. Bacon's *Maxims of the Law*, &c.

ment in the *New Atlantis* of a few expressions and sentences. It is significant of the prevailing ignorance as to Bacon's writings, that no critic or reviewer of "The Real History of the Rosicrucians" (or indeed anyone so far as we know outside the pale of the Bacon Society) should have noticed this curious fact. The rules of the R.C. Fraternity are sufficient to explain the probable cause of this effect. Let us now glance at those rules; they were 52 in number but we can only note the leading features, placing numbers against them for the sake of brevity in reference.

1. The Society was to consist of 63 members, of various grades of initiation, Apprentices, Brethren and an "Imperator."

2. These were all sworn to secrecy for a period of 100 years.

3. They were to have secret names, but to pass in public by their own names.

4. To wear the dress of the country in which they resided.

5. *To profess ignorance* (if interrogated) on all subjects connected with the Society, excepting the Art of Healing.

6. To cure the sick gratis ("Sickness and Healing" seem to have been terms used metaphorically for ignorance and instruction.)

7. In all ways and places to oppose the aggressions and to unmask the impositions of the Romish Church.

8. To aid in the dissemination of knowledge throughout all lands.

9. Writings if carried about, to be written *in ambiguous language* or in "Secret Writing" (? Cypher).

10. R. C. Works not to be published with the names of their author. Pseudonyms, Mottoes, or initials (not the writer's own) to be adopted.

11. These feigned names and signatures to be frequently changed. The "Imperator" to change his name not less frequently than once in ten years.

12. The places also of publication for the "secret writings," to be changed.

13. Each member to choose an "apprentice" to succeed him, and to take over his work. (In this manner apparently, the secret writings were to be handed down until the time was ripe for their disclosure).

14. The brethren must suffer all punishment, death itself, sooner than disclose the secrets specially confided them.

15. They must try by all means to make friendships with the powerful and the learned in all countries.

16. They must strive to become rich, not for the sake of money

itself, for they must spend it, but for the means afforded by wealth and position for benefiting mankind, and for pushing forward the work of the Society.

17. They were to promote the building of fair houses for the advancement of learning, and the relief of poverty.

We see in short that the whole drift and scope of this fraternity was to enable some person or persons unknown, to produce, disseminate and publish throughout the civilised world, works with certain great, definite, objects, dangerously in advance of the times.

It is needless to show what an engine such a society would have been, driven by such a dynamo as Bacon. One original mind of Herculean powers and with eagle-sighted faculties of imagination, keen to perceive, subtle to devise, prompt to execute; what could he not have done, backed up by 63 skilled and trusty helpers, to transcribe for him, collate, translate, disseminate, preserve, or publish, whilst he was cogitating, revolving, inventing, in the quiet of his library!

Rules 1, 2, 10—14 would alone suffice to answer the oft-repeated query why did not Bacon acknowledge his own works, or why did not friends acknowledge them at his death? *Rules* 3, 10, 11, would reconcile many difficulties as to the authorship of certain works. For instance, in the Anthology entitled "England's Helicon," there are poems which have by turn borne two, three, or even four different signatures. These Rules, taken together with 8 and 13, would throw light on the publication of such works as "Montaigne's Essays" in France, *its supposed translation from French into English by the Italian Florio* in 1603, and the vast additions and alterations which occur in the much later edition published by Cotton 1685—6. *Rule* 5 hints the reason why Bacon should *not profess to be a poet;* why "Burton" does *not profess to be a theologian*, or "Montaigne" *to be a philosopher.*

Evidently in the history of Bacon there is a great holding-back as to his works and his real opinions; every day makes us more fully aware of our abundant lack of positive information on such subjects as are touched upon in this brief and imperfect paper. Seeing, then, how great are the deficiencies in this part of knowledge, we shall best remedy them by suggesting a few lines of research and inquiry which may help to throw light into obscure corners.

1. Where is Bacon's library? The books surely must be recognisable by his marginal notes or marks for "transportation" into note-books. (Yet these marks, if in pencil, may have been effaced.) These books were not willed away, they were not sold. If annotated for secret

purposes he would not have wished them to attract public notice. Yet he would wish them to be preserved. May he not have left them as gifts, not included in his will, to his three colleagues, Herbert, Selden, and Sir John Constable? The Earl of Pembroke's and Selden's libraries were added to the Bodleian. Sir. J. Constable consigned some of Bacon's MSS. to Lambeth. How about books? Bacon had a great interest in Eton, and (*we think*) in Dulwich College. Mr. Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, Lord Arundel, Sir Thos Bodley, Sir Kenelm Digby, Camden, the Cottons, and many more such men, were friends of Bacon. Their books should be examined in this respect. *As a writer on Rosicrucian matters* it is probable that many of Bacon's books would not contain his name. Rather, we should look for initials, not his own, or a motto, or an enigmatic inscription.

2. Inquire about the tombs of supposed Authors, Founders of Libraries, Schools, Hospitals &c., later than 1576. If R.C. they will probably bear Rosy-cross symbols or horoscopes, be painted gold upon black (light on darkness) and bear ambiguous inscriptions (such are the tombs of Drayton in Westminster Abbey, and of "Democritus Junior" in Ch: Ch: Oxford). Or they would be blank slabs as were those of Ben Jonson and Beaumont in Westminster Abbey, Alleyne's at Dulwich, Fletcher's and Massinger's in St. Saviour's, Southwark, and as the grave still remains of Bacon's youthful friend, George Herbert, the beloved pastor of Bemerton, where he lies buried before the altar of his own church. Or the Rosicrucian tombs may be found with dates of birth and death, but with no allusion to any works attempted or performed by them. Such are the tombs of Cowley, Marlowe, Middleton and most of the "Elizabethan Dramatists." The more "shadowy" authors, such as Webster, and Thomas Heywood, who is accredited with 220 plays, seem to have left not a wrack behind, the dates of their birth and death even being unknown.

3. Examine the many and various portraits of Bacon, and compare them with the portraits in the first folios or editions of works of the period. Many of these are thought to resemble each other in the chief particulars. Setting aside the cut of hair and the style of collar and dress, the same countenance, with some points varied or caricatured by turn, seems frequently to reappear. The characteristics are (*a*) lofty brow, (*b*) side-long look, (*c*) strong facial lines, (*d*) long straight nose, (*e*) smooth sides to the face, with small moustache and beard inclined to curl, (*f*) hair usually, but not invariably, to the ruff or collar, curling in a bunch at the ends.

4. Examine the illustrated title-pages of works of this period. Note the many R. C. symbols, at the beginning of the 1st editions of the *Sylva Sylvarum*, the *New Atlantis*, the *Advancement of Learning* and the *Instauratio Magna*. Observe how Bacon calls himself, in the title-page of the *Advancement of Learning*, *Architectura Scientiarum*, and that the 4th brother of the Rosicrucians signs himself Fra. F.B.M.P.A., *Magister, Pictor et Architectus*. Notice the signs of God and Light, of Heaven and Earth mingled, of Man as the Microcosm, the Intellectual Globe of the Understanding. Veils, Curtains, Clouds, inverted Torches:—Veils, Curtains, &c., symbols of Ignorance, *Impedimenta* to learning. The Pillars of Hercules, beyond which in the earliest of these works men had not ventured; then Bacon's Ship of Knowledge, sailing with a favourable wind, and the Pillars of Hercules changed into the Egyptian Phalli, Spires, emblems of light and aspiration, with Philosophy rising through a pyramid of Reason, Memory, History, and Imagination to *Poetry* on the one side, and Divinity ending, on the corresponding pyramid, *in the Knowledge of human nature*. Compare the title-page of the "Anatomy of Melancholy" with the sitting statue of Bacon. Note *both* vignettes, representing the sitting figure with the chin supported by the left hand even where the *arm* is without support. In this case the natural philosopher is in the garden, and in the distance is the top of a tower or campanile. *Compare this with Bacon's tower or observatory* in the drawing given in the "Great Cryptogram," vol. i., facing p. 160. The philosopher in his cell (in the Anatomy) is arrayed in Bacon's furred robe, with stockings and with large rosettes, or Hamlet's "Two Provençal Roses on his razed shoes." He is seated in a chair precisely like the one which may be seen in the statue at St. Albans, or in the gallery at South Kensington. Note the turned ends to the arms, the straight seat, legs, and bottom rail, and the nails studding the back.

5. Examine specially, with a view to R. C. symbols, such as the roses on Bacon's shoes, his many portraits, and the accessories appended to them in old editions of his works. Note in both the large paintings of him by Van Somers (at Gorhambury), that the dress is embroidered with roses. In some the pattern of the lace ruffles is roses. In others the buttons, bosses, or ouches, are roses. The design which frames one printed portrait in my possession consists of roses between spires or phalli. Another printed in red, is surmounted by a Sun pouring down beams on the head of Bacon

beneath whose portrait clouds of incense are rising; and again the symbolic pillars, or phalli of aspiration, frame in the sides of the picture from top to bottom.

6. Inquire how it came to pass that nearly all the names of the Shakespeare Theatres are connected with Rosicrucian symbols or with the symbols on the title-pages of Bacon's great works. The Rose, the Swan (S. S., Silver Swan), the Phœnix, the Curtain (or Veil to be uplifted, *see title-page of De Aug.*), the Globe. The "Hope" has its symbol on the title page of the "New Atlantis," and we do not despair of finding "Fortune" turning her wheel in some other frontispiece.

7. This article is already too long, or we should like to suggest several more inquiries concerning Andrew Marvel and his verses in the *Sylva* of 1627 on "*Dew or Ros.*" The latter is a word from which Mosheim deduces the name of Rosicrucian, and in the poem the soul is compared to a drop of dew reflecting everything like a microcosmic world; and with the sun exhaled (like the soul in death) into the heavens whence it came. We would also inquire further of William Drummond of Hawthornden, Ben Jonson's friend, and said to have been a Rosicrucian, of Taylor the "water-poet," and many more. We must stop: yet let these and kindred subjects be duly inquired. We shall then be better prepared to appreciate Mr. Wigston's book, and to grapple with the many difficult problems which hinder us in our way through the wood, and which indeed scare many from the attempt to pursue the thorny path upon which we have entered.

CONSTANCE M. POTT.

THE SO-CALLED SHAKESPEARE PLAYS.

"THEIR depth is so extraordinary, that we must not be surprised to find that they embrace creative principles which are hugely philosophic, as profound as nature itself. The time will come, when all the world will marvel at the 'composed wonder' of their frame, when libraries will be filled with lexicons to illustrate lines even in these plays; when the great interpreter of Nature's secrets, her great commentator, will be the 'philosophic play-systems' of Lord Bacon; and when the New World will look back upon the hitherto critics and commentators with the pitying good-natured smile that we bestow upon Bottom in the Dream, or his bush of thorns to present the woods or *Sylva* of Nature."—*Wigston on Bacon, Shakespeare, and the Rosicrucians.*

THE EARLY HISTORY OF *HAMLET*.

FROM 1585 TO 1603.

In tracing the history of the plays attributed to Shakspere, we cease to wonder that more than a century elapsed before they were appreciated at anything like their true value by the British public. The reputed author and his course of life gave them small impulse. And how they were appreciated in the highest literary circles abroad may be understood by Voltaire's denunciation of *Hamlet* (in his Dissertation sur la Tragedie, &c., addressed to Cardinal Querini), as the work of a drunken savage! It is interesting to contrast this estimate with recent magnificent presentations of the play before a Parisian audience.

It is now three hundred years and more since *Hamlet*, of the series of plays called Shakespearian, was first, in some form, known to the British public. According to the best authorities, Shakspere came to London not earlier than the year 1585; and we hope to demonstrate that it was in that year the play *Hamlet* was brought to distinct public notice. This concurrence of dates is unfortunate if the lovers of tradition would secure for William Shakspere the honour they covet: unless, indeed, they should adopt as a part of the man's biography the suggestion of Mr. Richard Grant White in another matter, namely, that Shakspere brought the play, as he is supposed to have brought the famous poem of *Venus and Adonis*, "in his pocket,"* when he came to London! But this is an American addition to his early history not yet fully accepted by British critics, and unsustained by convenient diaries, by discoveries in museums and libraries, or by mysterious entries (in other words forgeries), in books of Court Revels, and as yet, so far as we have noticed, has found beside the inventor, only one believer in any quarter, the Rev. H. N. Hudson, editor of the "Cambridge" edition of the plays.

We are thus compelled to look outside these traditions or inven-

* See Appleton's American Cyclopædia, 1st Edition, p. 550.

tions for a history of the famous drama. And here the record, though plain to eyes not deceived by refracted light, is so over-loaded with curious and unnatural conceptions, that it needs careful scrutiny to reach a satisfactory conclusion. In the modified, or, rather, modernized, history of the play, its early existence is lightly passed over or wholly ignored. Mr. Hudson (following his English exemplars), blandly says,—"The subject was done into a play some years before Shakspere took it in hand, as we have *notices* to that effect reaching as far back as 1589." It clearly would have helped the uncritical reader had he stopped long enough to give the sense and spirit of these "*notices*." He adds, consolingly, "That play, however, is lost, and our notices of it give no clue to the authorship." Here is evidence of deflected vision at the outset. Was the object and purpose of the play commercial," as Mr. White maintains, or had it a higher aim? If the latter —possibly a political object—the "*notices*" might have disclosed something of the purpose of the author, they might have given some hints as to the relation between the earlier lost play, and the versions which have survived. Evidently Mr. Hudson's data do not admit his conclusion that the authors are different. Mr. Rolfe, in his expurgated edition, would seem to ignore the early history of the play entirely. He tells us that "the earliest known edition of *Hamlet* appeared in quarto, in 1603, with the name of William Shake-speare, as author," on the title-page, with the further intimation that it *had been* "acted in the City of London, and in the two Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, and elsewhere." But our author is apparently unable to inform us *when* it was acted at the two Universities, nor does he mention *where else* it was acted. The phrase "earliest *known* edition" certainly implies that 1603 is not any limiting date for the early history of the play. Doubtless no edition, in the publishers' sense of the term, was thrown upon the market previous to 1603; but the play must nevertheless have been either printed, or in some sense published, when we reflect that it had been acted at "the Universities, in the City of London, and elsewhere." Moreover, when we consider the various uses made of the play in England and the Netherlands, and the attacks made upon it by Nash and other early play-wrights, as will hereafter appear, it must have had a tangible existence for a considerable time.

The speculations of Collier, Caldecott, Knight, Staunton, touching the relation of the 1603 quarto to the perfected edition of 1604, add nothing to the early history of the play. They may all be summed up in what Mr. Dyce, the ablest of them all, says: "It seems certain

that in the quarto of 1603 we have Shakspere's first conception of the play, though with a text mangled and corrupted throughout, and perhaps founded on the notes of some shorthand writer, who had imperfectly taken it down during representation."

The conclusion of the editors of the "*Clarendon Press*" edition opens like a nursery tale, and is worthy of special note: "That there was *an old play* on the story of *Hamlet*, some portions of which are still preserved in the quarto of 1603; that *about* the year 1602, Shakspere took this and *began to remodel it* for the stage, as he had done other plays; that the quarto of 1603 represents the play after it had been re-touched by him *to a certain extent*, but before his alterations were completed; and that in the quarto of 1604 we have, *for the first time*, the *Hamlet* of Shakspere.

It is only fair to state that this "conclusion" is given by the Clarendon editors, "with some diffidence,"—a rare quality in Shakespeare critics—inasmuch as it is conjectural, and based to a large extent upon subjective considerations. The theory is indeed purely imaginary, as are all theories that ignore or distort the early known history of the play. The clear evidence of the existence of an early play cannot be ignored, but its significance is entirely evaded. It is admitted that there are indications that the early play was used by Shakspere as a ground-work. It is also expressly stated that the 1603 edition contains work that the critic will not admit to be Shakspere's at all—a piece of self-willed criticism which quite ignores stages of growth and development. Yet because a crude tradition quotes the phrase *Hamlet, Revenge!* from the old play, which is not to be found in so many words in the authorized edition, these resolute critics arrive at once at the much-desired but only too enormous conclusion that this quotation is "alone sufficient to prove that the play in question was not the *Hamlet* of Shakspere." The reasoning of these *Clarendon* editors proves that the 1603 edition is as far removed from the perfected *Hamlet* as any earlier edition can be; and why Shakspere's work, "to a certain extent," should be admitted in one case and peremptorily denied in the other, is an enigma which we are quite unable to solve.

Resuming our story, we may safely suppose that the curious reader will be inclined to ask how it was that Shakspere, a wary and worldly-wise man, could let a play that he had just begun to re-model—and which, from its character (supposing him capable of such work), must have engrossed his whole soul—slip from under his fingers before

he had half finished his work! And the strangest part of the story is that Shakspere, with a name on the cover that may pass as his, should have allowed the corrupt and partly supposititious play to be acted at the two Universities, in London, *and elsewhere*, and then to be published as his own, himself, it would seem, participating! And yet the *Clarendon* editors force this absurdity upon us.

Mr. Dyce's supposition that the edition of 1603 was printed from "notes of some shorthand writer who had imperfectly taken it down during representation," will not help out the *Clarendon* editors—for this 1603 edition was only about two-thirds the length of the edition of the following year. No shorthand writer could omit nearly half his work, and still produce a consistent whole, "mangled and corrupted" though it might be.

In this perplexity, Mr. Collier comes forward, as usual, to the relief of his brother editors and commentators. He thinks that "if the *Hamlet* in the first folio (1623) were not composed from some hitherto unknown quarto, it was derived from a manuscript obtained by Heminge and Condell *from the theatre*." The suggestion is original, but we can find in it no relief for his blundering fellow-critics.

Here, it will be seen, is much diversity and many bold assumptions, indicating clearly that one dominating idea was firmly fixed in the minds of the writers, namely, that Shakspere somehow did write the *Hamlet* of 1604, proof or no proof, and that all the resources of speculation and criticism must be employed to exclude Shakspere from any earlier editions.

The critical reader will have noticed what has been said by editors and commentators about this 1603 quarto: It was "Shakspere's first conception of the play," says one. But *when* was the conception conceived? The *Clarendon* editors say, "about 1602, when Shakspere took an old play on the story of *Hamlet*, and began to re-model it; and that the quarto of 1603 represents the old play after it had been re-touched; but before it was completed"—"it was "surreptitiously" obtained either from shorthand writers, or from the actors. To make a connected story, this stolen half-finished play was patched-up and printed —setting forth on the title-page "As it hath beene divers times acted by his Highnesse's servants in the cittie of London, as also in the two Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, and elsewhere;"—thus giving it a pretty wide range (apparently through the provinces), in the short space of one year (1602-3), before the appearance of the 1603 copy—*only to be then unceremoniously repudiated as a sham!*—when it was

superseded in 1604. This is also Mr. White's notion, but somehow he finds out that there is here a weak spot! For in his "Two Hamlets," he goes back "to 1599 or 1600" for—not the "conception" alone, but for the full execution of the work, as we have it in the quarto of 1604: a bold stroke, but a sad failure! More of this hereafter: remarking in passing, that there must have been hurrying times with "his Highnesse's servants" in this year of grace between 1602 and 1603—during which, according to the *Clarendon* editors, the 1603 actors managed to bring work before the congregated wisdom and scholarship of Cambridge and Oxford—an honour to which, we are to understand (as no similar claim is set up on the 1604 title-page) the genuine 1604 Hamlet never attained!

As *a* Shakspere was a member of the Lord Chamberlain's company when it was obliged on occasion to visit the outlying boroughs or "provinces" in search of "business," it would have been a very trying situation had he been called upon to play the ghost ("the top of his performance" according to Rowe), in the corrupt and stolen copy of his own *Hamlet, before he could get the genuine copy ready!* With becoming seriousness we would ask, how are we to reconcile these improbable and contradictory stories with any consistent theory of authorship in Shakspere?

Again the critical reader presents himself, this time with the query: Why, if the real *Hamlet* did not exist before 1604, and consequently had never, previous to 1603, been acted before the Universities, should the publishers of the stolen copy make the bold claim on the title-page that it had been so acted? [We interpose here to say that a play called *Hamlet* had been enacted before the Universities as early as 1585—about which, more anon.] And this makes room for the assumption—(1st) that the play printed in 1603 was a revival in substance of the one so exhibited, or (2nd) that the publishers wished to have it so understood, for no date or time is mentioned. It can make no difference which position is assumed: either concedes the fact that a play called *Hamlet*—though it might have been the "old play" which according to the *Clarendon* editors, Shakspere remodelled—was played before the Universities *previous* to 1602, when Shakspere took the *old play* "and began to remodel it." Otherwise the publishers of the troublesome quarto would not have ventured on the claim.

As a relief from this imbroglio let us now turn to another view of the question, giving to the whole subject a different aspect.

A work made its appearance in 1880, at Melbourne, Victoria, in Australia, written by WILLIAM THOMSON, F.R.C.S., F.L.S., entitled "*Renascence Drama; or, History Made Visible.*" The work is able, evincing familiarity with both English literature and English history. With fine insight, and an appreciative estimate of Lord Bacon's powers in prose, poetry, and philosophy, the author unfolds in clear statement the origin and object of this play of *Hamlet*, lifting it out of the stifling atmosphere of the playhouse of the Renaissance period, and the "re-modelling" process attendant on the first quarto—placing it where it clearly belongs, among the incidents of social and political life, growing out of the conflict engendered by the new spirit imparted to religious and civil domination under the Tudor regime. The old religion has been rudely jostled, nay, in its turn trampled upon; and its votaries were all too willing to employ any means within reach to regain their lost position, such as:—wars in the Netherlands: attempted invasion of England by Spain through the famous Armada: poisoning the Queen by corrupting court physicians: plotting rebellion:—all, in that age of easy political conscience, deemed legitimate when practiced under ecclesiastical and royal patronage, which, without scruple, were freely extended.

With a cleared vision we may consider this play of *Hamlet* a legitimate product of the time. Treason had crept into the Queen's household. Before the year 1594 her physician had been corrupted, and was prepared to administer to her the fatal draught. Bacon was a *habitué* of the court. His studies of the natural sciences had made him familiar with medicine and the natural history of poisons. Taking in the position of things he anxiously addressed a letter to the Queen. This was in 1584.* Three several plots had then been

* The epistle commences as follows:—"Most Gracious Sovereign, and most worthy to be a Sovereign;—Care, one of the natural and true-bred children of unfeigned affection, awaked with these late wicked and barbarous attempts, *would needs exercise my pen* to your sacred Majesty. . . . The happiness of your present state can be no way encumbered but by your strong factious subjects and your foreign enemies. . . . To suffer them to be strong, with hope that with reason they will be contented, carries with it but a fair enamelling of a terrible danger."—*Spedding's Life*, I. 47. This was first published in 1651.

[As we think it right to neglect no opportunity of pointing out such parallels between Bacon and Shakespeare as elucidate the sense of either, it is in order here to point out that if we wish to know the exact and complete import of this striking expression, "a fair enamelling of a terrible danger," we must consult Shakespeare. Danger, which presents a fair, enamelled outward appearance, is symbolised by a deadly snake, with a shining, beautiful

detected. Now it was that the play was written, assuming a form—however imperfect as a hasty production—that satisfied expectation at the time. The object was to arouse public attention to the danger impending from these hidden enemies. There was in the play a royal murder for the succession, and a usurpation. Temporary in its origin and original purpose, it does not appear that the play was widely used at home. It was played before the court to attract attention in high quarters, and before the Universities, as will be seen; doubtless, in the latter case, as a warning to students and graduates against the sinister approaches of former graduates in league with conspirators. By the action of the play the hidden conspirators were informed that their schemes were known, and their "starting holes" betrayed.

In further pursuance of this apparently determinate policy, early in the Spring of 1585, Earl Leicester, as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, gave to his royal mistress a grand *fête*, with entertainments appropriate to the character of the University City. During the gala season at Oxford, characteristic of the times in any affair of royal compliment and feasting, Corpus Christi and All-Soul's Colleges were from day to day the theatre of "*fêtes savantes*," during one of which a piece called *Hamlet* was performed by the Chancellor's company of players. Still carrying out the same policy, in order to give these hints where they were most required, in August following, Earl Leicester went over to the Netherlands as Commander of the Queen's forces, taking with him the Oxford players; *and there they acted "Hamlet" in English!* There would seem to be no room to doubt that the play produced in Germany in 1585, under the title of "*Fratricide Punished, or Prince Hamlet of Denmark*," was the same in substance with that played at Oxford by the same company. Its production in the Netherlands was intended, doubtless, to serve the purpose indicated by Bacon, writing in 1594 touching the Queen's

skin: and that this symbol was in Bacon's mind, is indicated by such passages as the following, from his other self:—

> "And there the snake throws her enamelled skin,
> Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in." *Mid. N. D.*, II. i. 255.
> "Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,
> With shining, checker'd slough, doth sting a child
> That for its beauty thinks it excellent." 2 *Hen. VI.*, III. i. 228.
> "I fear me you but warm the starved snake,
> Who, cherished in your breasts, will sting your hearts."
> 2 *Hen. VI.*, III. i. 343.

The *checker'd slough* is evidently an alias for an *enamelled skin*, and here we have a finished picture of what was in Bacon's eye when he spoke of a "fair enamelling of a terrible danger."—ED.]

safety: "If (he writes) there be sown an opinion *abroad* that Her Majesty hath much secret intelligence, and that all is full of spies and false brethren, the fugitives will grow into such a mutual jealousy and suspicion one of another as they will not have the confidence to conspire together."—I. 305.

There was, it seems, a German version of *Hamlet*, which, in 1586, when the King of Denmark entertained at Antwerp the Cardinal Alphonsus and the Infanta of Spain, was performed before them. There doubtless was a purpose in this also, as the poisoners and plotters received their principal countenance from Spain. We may here note that it is said, by what is deemed competent authority, that the German version, when re-translated into English, presents a near approach to the form of the quarto of 1603. If this be so, is not the question, as to the source of the 1603 play, in a great degree answered? May we not infer that the original old play, which was acted in 1585, was used in producing the 1603 edition, instead of the supposititious "old play" so needlessly imported by the Clarendon editors, or the "shorthand writers" of Mr. Dyce? and this, too, without straining the "probabilities" to half the tension so fully practiced by the traditionists in the gratuitous guesses which they substitute for facts?

We have gone far enough in our condensed history, availing ourselves of the ready aid of Dr. Thomson, to give the honest searcher to understand that not half the story belonging to this wonderful production is told in the current traditions. And here we might rest, leaving the curious inquirer and scientific investigator to trace out for himself, as a separate exercise, the singular knowledge of physiology and the natural sciences visible throughout; to mark the course and current of the blood (not then taught in the schools), *as discoursed of by the Ghost*—all showing that no untaught Stratford boy could have written *Hamlet*. We might, we repeat, have here left our story, were it not for the gratuitous and uncritical attempts persistently put forth by strangely blinded or interested parties intended to divert attention from the true origin and history of the play.

We use the term "uncritical attempts" in its literal sense. For we deem it uncritical to turn a blind eye upon such fair inferences as grow naturally out of known facts, and to substitute therefor (using the mildest phrase), statements and inferences purely imaginary, evidently invented in support of a foregone conclusion. Of the latter class is Mr. White's theory of the make-up of the *Hamlet* of 1603, by

the help of a "treacherous actor"—elaborately worked out in an article entitled, "THE TWO HAMLETS," published in *The Atlantic Monthly* for October, 1881. Mr. White has made for himself a fair reputation as a grammarian, in tracing the history and use of words. And as a commentator on the text of these plays, he stands on a level with the rest—namely, with critics who, wasting time on clerical errors, build up an inner history for these masterly dramas from unsupported "tradition,"—sinking the critic in the advocate, in an attempt to sustain a baseless position.

We made mental note of the article in the *Atlantic* at the time of its appearance, but did not comprehend its purpose until, in December following, we received our copy of Dr. Thomson's "History Made Visible," published in 1880. We then discovered that Mr. White's *Dromio Hamlets* was (without mentioning his design, or once naming Dr. Thomson or his work) a covert attempt to turn or anticipate the points plainly made "visible" in the Doctor's history.

Mr. White opens his article by telling us that by the "Two Hamlets" he does not mean "the Hamlets, father and son," but the "two editions of the great tragedy which were published respectively in the years 1603 and 1604." In regard to these editions, he thinks, "some notions have been adopted and painfully advocated which seem little more than fanciful conjectures, without any foundation in fact and reason." This would seem a brave start. But there he stops—at least, as regards telling us what and whose these "notions" were, and boldly taking issue with them. Instead of doing so he proceeds to substitute his own "fanciful conjectures," which he asks us to accept *them* in their place. This is not criticism, nor is it history, it is absolutism and dictatorship—the rule of self-will, which, if sometimes tolerable in politics, is always detestable in literature.

Mr. White recognises an older play than that given in the two varying editions, but pleads ignorance of its history—in fact, treats it as an irrelevant waif, a sort of lay-figure, rather as a *motive* for the production of the genuine article; and in addition, in the sequel, it would seem, furnishing a framework for the pirated *Hamlet* of 1603, which made so bold a push on its title-page for first honours. Both the "old play" and the 1603 edition must be sacrificed in order to bring *Hamlet* safely within the line of Shakspere's life. Mr. White gives the following version of this unfortunate collision between the "Two Hamlets":—

"But in the present instance the remnants of the old play, upon

whose outlines and foundation, and with whose ruins he [Shakspere] built, have been preserved to us by *accident*, through the greed—or, to use a more fashionable phrase, the enterprise—of a London bookseller of his day, and by the treachery of an actor in his company. The latter undertook * to furnish the former surreptitiously with Shakspere's version of the tragedy; but not being able to get a copy of the whole, he attempted to give some parts of it from memory, and in other passages, which he could not recollect at all, he used the old play, which had been made worthless *by the success* of Shakspere's, *if, indeed, he did not find the patching done to his hand* IN THE STAGE COPY" (!!).

This is lame and impotent. Compare this with preceding attempts to account for the differing versions following each other in hasty succession. Note (1) the way in which the London bookseller comes into possession of his 1603 copy. Then (2), failing a perfect text, the "treacherous actor," who patched up his work from memory, and where memory failed, used *the old play*, now of no value, having "been made worthless by the success of Shakspere's," which, according to Mr. White and the Clarendon editors, was stolen before it was finished! And (3), worse than all, the "treacherous actor" is supposed to have found his "patching" done to his hand in the stage copy (*which he couldn't steal*) ready for use! all resulting in saving the remnant of an old play which had become worthless by the success of a new version, *never known to history until a year later!* In consistency and unity this resembles the answer of Sawney, who, when caught crawling through the fence into his neighbour's enclosure, said he was "ganging back again."

The main portion of the twelve pages in the *Atlantic Monthly* is made up of extracts and comparisons of the two plays, in which our critic succeeds in convincing himself, and it may be presumed his readers also, that the 1604 edition is superior to that of 1603. This might have been conceded on the bare asking, and thus much useless labour and valuable space saved. But if we read our critic aright this points is secondary. He was by indirection doing that which he did not presume to attempt directly, combating an opponent he did not venture to name, by propping up old inventions with fresh platitudes. Where facts are lacking they are invented. Those that make against him are turned aside, or converted by new interpretation

* It would afford satisfaction to know how Mr. White found this out.

to his own use. As an instance: the title-page of the 1603 quarto set forth that it had been played before the great Universities, also in London and elsewhere. The 1604 copy did not set up this claim, for a reason which will appear. But our critic says:

"This title [the one prefixed to the 1603 quarto] is evidence of the public favour which the tragedy *quickly attained*, and it also bears upon the date of the composition and production. Written for Shakspere's company in London, *in the year 1603*, and *probably* in 1602, it had had the honour of being selected for performance at the two great Universities, and had made its way elsewhere."

Mr. White here claims for the perfected play (the 1603 copy being declared a patched-up and fraudulent concern) what the 1604 copy does not claim for itself, namely, the distinction of having been played before the Universities, etc., thereby forcing the inference that the perfected *Hamlet* had attained this distinction before the year 1603, *i.e.*, at a time anterior to its visible existence. "The time was short" for this work, as is naively admitted by the revising critic. And when we come to the plain facts there is no evidence that either of the plays, as printed in 1603 and 1604, had, between 1599 and 1604, been played at all as claimed; and further, it would seem an admitted fact that *there was no available* copy until the 1603 quarto had been "patched up," with Shakspere's name prefixed as author by a "treacherous actor," just as it had been prefixed to dozens of other plays which are now repudiated, having no posthumous reputation.

On examination it will be found that no earlier date than 1589 is given by the "traditionists" to the old and forgotten *Hamlet*, (*forgotten* in purpose as well as text), save such portions as had been "preserved through the greed of a London bookseller." By *inference* then we are to understand that no *Hamlet* was played by Leicester's company at the Universities, and then taken to the Netherlands and played there by the same company in 1585—translated and played at Antwerp in 1586. This is not "History made visible," but history made invisible.

The question of date, it will be seen, becomes quite unimportant to the inventors of theories. They would ignore the existence of a play called *Hamlet* of a date farther back than the quartos of 1603 and 1604, if they could blot out the historic evidence of a previous existence. Dr. Thomson refers to a well-known incident which serves to carry the history back to its University days of 1585.

In 1587, Nash wrote an epistle to the gentlemen-students of both

Universities as a preface to Green's Menaphon, in which he refers to "makers of plays and trivial translators," adding, "It is a common practice now-a-days amongst a sort of shifting companions, that run through every art, and thrive by none, to leave the trade of *Noverint*, [attorney or scrivener] whereto they were born, and busy themselves with the endeavours of art, that could scarcely latinize their neck-verses* if they should have need." And a little farther on allusion is made to "whole *Hamlets*," and "*handfuls* of tragical speeches."

The date (1587) of this epistle carries back the outside mention of the play two years anterior to the extreme date allowed by the traditionists. But when we reflect that *the only possible publication* the play could have had at that time was *its presentation before the two Universities* "and other places" in 1585, the question ceases to be an open one. It was to the students of these Universities, who listened to it, *and to them only*, that Nash made his address. That fixes the date beyond further cavil.†

In order to a full understanding of the point involved in these assaults on the early *Hamlet*, (for this epistle of Nash's was not the only attack, as may be seen by reference to Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps' Illustrative Notes, Note 157, 6th edition, vol. ii., 311), it should be mentioned that Nash, Peele, Greene, Heywood, Decker, Lodge, and others, had embraced the notion that they as University men, in virtual possession of the field, were entitled to hold a monopoly in play-making for trading managers, and quite naturally were jealous of any intermeddling by others not of their guild. Nash and his associates, from the text of the epistle, may have supposed that Bacon (as he had never graduated and was a writer of masques) was the *born* "Noverint" and new writer of plays. Greene, over whose shoulder this *first* shot was fired at the new and unknown play-writer, is the same Greene who, in his own behalf and that of his fellows, discharged the *last* shot aimed, for want of a more tangible mark, at innocent Shakspere, in his "Groat's-worth of Wit," etc.

In tracing the history of the play it has been found that *Hamlet* was acted at Newington Butts in 1594, and *this* is supposed to be the

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* The "neck verse" is the beginning of the fifty-first Psalm, "Miserere Mei," etc., anciently read by criminals claiming the benefit of clergy.

† This epistle by Nash is quoted by most of the critics, great and small and smallest, as a proof that Shakspere was popular in 1587; while the one thing which it does prove, viz., the early existence of *Hamlet*, is obstinately ignored or confidently denied.—Ed.

first time it was ever played at a public theatre. The fact (of its being so acted) is established by an entry in Henslowe's diary of that date. The occasion was the setting on foot a new inquiry about fresh conspiracies to poison the Queen, carried on by a new set of conspirators, who renewed the plottings after Lopez and his confederates were executed. Bacon was engaged in this new inquiry. That the play thus performed was connected in some form with the present *Hamlet* is believed by such judges as Knight, Gervinus, Fleahy, and others cited by Thomson. To what extent they were connected may in good part be inferred by the varying editions of 1603—4. In 1596 *Hamlet* was satirized in Lodge's *Wit's Miserie*, in which he alludes to the Ghost "which cries so miserably at the theatre, like an oyster-wife, *Hamlet, Revenge!*" So that beyond question, the play before that time must have been well known on a public or private stage. The Clarendon editors assume that if the expression was once in the play it could never have been expunged; consequently the identity between the old play and Shakespeare's *Hamlet* is disproved by this one circumstance!

Hamlet was acted on a third occasion in 1598, this time in London, on a fresh attempt by Spanish hirelings to get rid of the hated Queen. The meaning of the ambiguous allegory began to dawn on matter-of-fact minds; and, gaining a popularity not aimed at in its inception, the text was seized by an adventurous stationer in a way made easy by the custom of the time. The garbled version was thus produced as a "surreptitious" commodity. As with his *Essays* (says Thomson) the author, unwilling to see his *Hamlet* thrust forth as it appeared in the vagrant quarto of 1603, played his own inquisitor, and, "in the perfected volume of 1604, gave to literature its grandest study, to humanity its best lesson, and to pagan Nemesis her clearest allegory."

Mr. White quotes Francis Meres, who kept a convenient list of Shakspere's tragedies played in London, to prove that up to 1598 no play called *Hamlet* had been played in London. And with safety it might be said that no play of Shakspere's of that name had been so played, for Shakspere had had nothing to do with *Hamlet* (unless as an actor) until it was made "merchandize" of by the patched-up play of 1603, in which a *speculative manager* as well as a "treacherous actor" might have had a part.

This is a clear and consistent solution of the mystery thrown around this unmatched production. By critics who, like Mr. White, assume the office of interpreter, for "reasons purely commercial" as he

admits, its history is made to assume quite a different aspect. "I give my readers, to a certain degree, what I think *they* want," he said, instead of giving the true meaning and spirit of these deep utterances. This is frank, not to say cynical.

Some of the claimants of "all knowledge" for Shakspere have discovered that they must find out some new and possible source whence the great and varied learning of their hero might have been drawn (not always at second-hand), deeper than any they had yet sounded. Heretofore old chronicles and translations had been their main reliance. But now they would bring him in loving and familiar contact with the great philosopher and original thinker, Giordano Bruno, who flourished in the latter half of the 16th century. Bruno was of Italian birth, and was distinguished for the originality and poetical boldness of his speculations, adverse to the religious dogmas and current philosophies of the day, bringing him under censure of both Rome and Geneva. Forced to leave Italy, he was in Paris in 1583, where we find him engaged in a course of lectures antagonistic to the Aristotelian philosophy. And while in Paris he wrote a play, presumably (from its title, *Il Candelajo*) in Italian, as he used that language and the Latin in his principal works. We next hear of him in London. His stay in the latter city is variously stated at two and at three years. Then in 1586, after a short stay in Paris, we find him at Wittenberg, spreading his "heresies," as they were called, moving the minds of men variously, in philosophy advocating the system of Copernicus,—which Bacon did not in the earlier part of his life accept, but afterwards regarded more favourably,—and followed in order by Galileo, Descartes, Spinoza, Newton, and by their successors.

This Bruno movement is the strangest and the weakest prop, (excepting the forged entries in the book of Court Revels) that has been brought forward to sustain the Shakspere authorship. Linking Shakspere to Bruno, the great philosopher and reformer, who had the courage to die for his opinions, a sympathetic connexion, to be enforced by and through *Hamlet*, looks like moon-madness, and is of the order of Polonius's cloud-camel. We can forgive German scholars for crediting these Bruno parallelisms to the name of Shakespere. They know English literature and honour it by the text, and not by the name of the author, taking the latter as assigned or claimed. But that English or American writers, claiming to be critics, should presume, with the history (as far as known) of the man before them, to draw the crude unschooled mind of Shakspere just come from his

poaching escapades and "drinking bouts" with "the sippers of Bidford," into loving interchange of views *through sympathy of thought and tastes* with the great Italian *on the new philosophy*, is passing strange! The bare suggestion staggers credulity, and shows how blinding is this "tradition" of authorship both to teacher and follower.*

Bruno was at Oxford, and spoke there in 1585, on the occasion of Earl Leicester's grand *fête* to the Queen, when *Hamlet* was first performed. Bruno's peculiar (and then strange) views on philosophy and dogma, as exhibited on that and other occasions, were not acceptable to University authorities, and he soon after retired to the Continent. When in London he had been received at Court, where he may easily have met Bacon; for we learn that during his stay "he gained the friendship of Sir Philip Sidney and other eminent persons, with whom he had frequent meetings, *to which only congenial spirits* were admitted." And among these "congenial spirits" we are asked to reckon the unlettered, unknown, probably half-civilized stripling Shakspere (then twenty-one years old, according to his best biographer, Halliwell-Phillipps), just arrived in London from his wild country junketings. The conjunction seems odd, certainly. We will temporarily (with the approbation of all common-sense people) withdraw William Shakspere and substitute in his stead Francis Bacon as we all know him, leaving Shakspere to win his way in quite another atmosphere. The change is clearly an improvement.

Bacon was three years the senior of Shakspere. He entered the University of Cambridge in his thirteenth year, and left in his sixteenth, having mastered "all the sciences there taught" (such is the record), and distinguished himself *by writing against the Aristotelian philosophy*, as did Bruno, forming a bond of common sympathy. As the result of his residence and travel on the continent, Bacon wrote a paper "On the State of Europe." This was in 1580, when he was

* A curious illustration of the exigencies of Shakspere biography, is afforded in connexion with this Bruno speculation, by Mr. Samuel Neil, in his edition of Romeo and Juliet (Collins' Series p. 24). He refers to the fact that Bruno was in England in 1583-85, and received love-exciting hospitality from (among others) Sir Fulke Greville. "Greville was the possessor of Warwick Castle, M.P. for Warwickshire along with Sir Thomas Lucy, and was a very frequent visitor at Stratford-on-Avon. What if the philosophical poet (Greville) felt an early sympathy with the young singer of Avon, and brought the most wonderful Italian thinker of the age into living connection with the most pregnant of the Wits of England, by an invitation to Warwick Castle given to William Shakspere while Bruno was there as a guest?" If this is not literary motley, we know not the garb.—ED.

nineteen years old, and at least three years before Bruno's arrival in London. And when Bruno did arrive, may we not reasonably suppose that Bacon instead of Shakspere was one of the "congenial spirits with whom he had frequent meetings"? And if any of the spirit of Bruno was injected into the character of *Hamlet*, this was the offspring of their conjunction! And see where this leaves the "traditionists"! Bruno had come and gone before Shakspere could have made even a *stage* acquaintance with him!

We cannot well dismiss this attempt to force Shakspere, in violation of all fitness and of all chronological order, into association with the philosopher Bruno, without a passing notice of a remark we find in a *Review* in *Shakespeariana*.

"It would be easy (says the Reviewer) to prepare a list of resemblances between Bruno and almost any of Shakspere's dramatic contemporaries; and not *Hamlet* alone, but the majority of Shakspere's own works would reveal, if scrutinized for the purpose, affinities with the heresies of Bruno" (*Shakespeariana*, Vol. I., p. 31).

If this be so, and we do not propose to take issue on the point raised, what does it prove? Clearly, upon the facts as we have stated them (and until they can be disproved) that all the Bruno heresies injected into *Hamlet*, and all the other plays, must have been put there by somebody beside Shakspere. That should end the matter. But no! like Goldsmith's schoolmaster, "though vanquished, they can argue still." They see, as with *Hamlet*, so it would be with the rest.

As to *Hamlet*: They perceive the danger attending the admitted existence of the old play in some form. Shakespeare's *Hamlet* was played before the Universities. The 1603 title-page proves this. No specific date or occasion is mentioned. Other evidence proves that "*Hamlet*" was played before the Universities in 1585. And yet they would force upon us the knavish card which alleges that nothing was known of the *real Hamlet* until Shakspere began to work on the skeleton, and was intercepted, as we have seen, by that "treacherous actor." They find strange philosophies in the play, and they fall back on the pretty theory that great ideas are not developed and elaborated by hard study and deep thinking: but somehow germinate in the air, and that "the monumental writers only gather up, arrange, develop and enforce those ideas that were already substantially in the air *and floating in the minds of men*." (*See Shakespeariana, already quoted).*

How fortunate for the fame of Copernicus, Bruno, Bacon, Galileo, Descartes, Spinoza, Newton, that some "monumental writers" (there

were one hundred and seventy years between Copernicus and Newton), some mental pirate, did not gather up their "floating" ideas and rob these men of their life-work!

And so they will have it that Shakspere, fresh from the toil and privations of a hard country life, without drill or books, or high converse, catches up the ideas floating in the minds of students and philosophers, weaving them into plays, sonnets, and pretty conceits, at his sweet will!

O. Follett.

Sandusky, Ohio, U.S.

PARALLELS.

"I know of but two forts in this house which the king ever hath; the fort of affection, and the *fort of reason;* the one commands the hearts, and the other commands the heads."

Speech of Undertakers, Life and L. v. 43.

"The o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and *forts of reason.*"

Ham. I. iv. 27.

"Sure I am there were never times which did more require a king's attorney to be well armed, and (as I said once to you) to wear a *gauntlet* and not a *glove.*"—*Bacon's Letter to Villiers*, Feb., 1615. *Life V.* 260.

"———Hence therefore, thou nice crutch!
A scaly *gauntlet* now, with joints of steel,
Must *glove* this hand." 2 *Hen. IV.*, I. i. 145.

"The laws are rather *figura reipublicæ* than *formæ;* and rather bonds of perfection than bonds of entireness."—*Speech for Naturalisation, Life III.*, 314.

"He apprehends a world of *figures* here,
But not the *form* of what he should attend."

I Hen. IV., I. iii. 209.

"A foolish, extravagant spirit, full of *forms, figures*, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motives, revolutions."—*Love's L. L., IV.*, ii. 68.

"But this work, shining in itself, needs no taper,"

On Amendment of Laws. Life and L. v. 64.

"With taper light,
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess." *John* IV. ii. 14.

R. M. T.

BACONIAN ILLUSTRATIONS OF SHAKESPEARE.

THE following has appeared, with some inaccuracies, in *Shakespeariana* for September, 1888.

Bacon's *Essay of Adversity* was not published till the last complete edition of the essays appeared in 1625. It is one most often quoted as a specimen of his richest and most poetic style. Macaulay uses it to justify his criticism that Bacon's poetic fancies became more ample and exuberant as he grew older. The following passage occurs in it:—"Certainly, if miracles be the command over nature, they appear most in adversity:"—a short sentence, but one full of condensed wisdom. Notice in it two things:—

1. Bacon's definition of a miracle: the command over nature.

2. Bacon's philosophy of adversity:—it gives opportunity for such self-denial and self-control as are equivalent to miracle, by the command over nature thus displayed.

Here we find the philosophical or abstract sentiment. For a concrete illustration of the same we may turn to *King Lear*. In the second scene of the second act, Kent appears before Gloster's Castle. It is night. He has beaten the steward who had been insolent to the king. Regan and Cornwall appear. They overpower him and put him in the stocks, and leave him there for the night. He is now in the deepest pit of adversity; far from his friends; in the power of his enemies, who are likely to torture or kill him as soon as morning comes, and he is taken out of the stocks. The situation would seem to justify the most utter despondency. But Kent rises above the situation. He had before said to the steward: "Though it be night, yet the moon shines;" and now by its light, which he calmly salutes as "*comfortable beams*," he reads a letter. He is astonished at his own almost miraculous composure, and soon after falls asleep. It is a miracle of command over nature; and so he regards it; for he meditatively exclaims:—

"Nothing almost sees miracles
But misery."

Showing that (1) Bacon's definition of a miracle and (2) Bacon's philosophy of adversity, were both in his mind, although he does not expressly formulate them. The sentence as it stands is sybilline, and somewhat obscure. We cannot find a complete clue to Kent's meaning till we bring Bacon's Essay to help out the significance of it. And the reflection is so subtle and original that it must have come from the same mind that wrote the Essay; which, observe, was published 17 years after the 4to. edition of the play, and 9 years after Shakspere's death.

But this does not complete the curious significance of this passage. *King Lear* was published in 4to. in 1608. In the early edition the same passage occurs, but in such a mutilated form that no conjecture, however sagacious, could ever have extracted the right reading from words which, even when amended, are rather enigmatical. The 4to. has:—

"Nothing almost sees *my wracke*
But misery."

This is almost nonsense. If "my wracke" is taken as the nominative to the verb *sees* in an inverted sentence—*my wrecked state sees only misery before it*—this is exactly what Kent does *not* wish to express. For his whole behaviour, his sense of the "comfortable" quality of the moonlight, his reading the letter by its imperfect light, and then going to sleep, shows that his mind is *not* occupied by his misery, but by the strange faculty of ignoring it which possesses him. *My wracke* is evidently a corruption of *miracle*. Who but the author could have supplied the emendation? At no time could a transcendentalism of this character—a piece of mystic philosophy—have been "floating in the air."

The ready explanation of this will be that the 4to. was a surreptitious copy obtained from a shorthand-writer's notes, and that the 1623 folio was printed from the author's own MS. Those who can be satisfied with this account of the genesis of the 4to. are welcome to their theory. To me it appears in the highest degree artificial and improbable. We know, however, from the peculiarities of the Northumberland House MS., that Bacon was in the habit of dictating to an amanuensis. It is certainly possible that *Lear* was so dictated for the 4to. edition. The mechanical clerk heard the word *miracle*, and did not rightly catch the word. The error was not detected, and remained uncorrected till the 1623 edition was published.

The interpretation of this passage, which is suggested by the passage

from Bacon's Essay, will, I think, commend itself to every thoughtful reader. It is obviously right. But it is not the interpretation which commentators suggest. One of them paraphrases the passage thus: "It is only when things are at their worst that Providence interposes with a miracle;" a far more common-place sentiment, and one also which does not exactly fit the words. For there is in them a profound reference to the *vision* which adversity *sees*, and which remains as a secret to itself. The rescue by miracle would be seen by others: the miracle here referred to is seen only by the subject of it.

I may give another brief illustration of interpretation derived from Bacon, which could not easily come from any other source. In *Othello*, Iago gives a cynical definition of love (*Othello*, I., iii., 339). He calls it "merely a lust of the blood, and *a permission of the will*." I have seen no satisfactory explanation of *permission of the will*. It is evidently an echo of Bacon's Latin. He constantly speaks of *intellectus sibi permissus:* the mind left to itself, uncontrolled, free to work out its own cobweb theories without the restraint of facts. So Iago says love is *voluntas sibi permissa* : the will run wild, left to its own ungoverned impulses without the restraint of any regulative forces. Commentators have usually passed by these words without explanation. One accomplished Shakespeare student however writes to me as follows:—"Iago's description of love in this passage does not appear to me either obscure, or surprising, in his mouth. It is, he says, only a surging of the blood, permitted (or coloured) by the will." This explanation, besides being very forced, appears to me psychologically mistaken. The two clauses—*it is a lust of the blood; it is a permission of the will*—do not modify one another; the second is not a limitation of the first. On the contrary they are in apposition, and the idea of lawlessness which is implied in the first clause is expressly added with heightened emphasis in the second. When the blood is on fire, the will is not standing by giving its passive consent or formal approval. Both are equally unrestrained, and the function of the will, to put limits on natural impulse, is abandoned. *Voluntas sibi permissa:* the will is let loose, and the "child of wrath" (or, ὀργη impulse) acknowledges no master, but rushes madly in pursuit of its object. There is a technical use of the Latin word *permissio*, found in Quintilian, and referred to in White and Riddle's large dictionary, implying a condition "by which a thing is committed to the decision of one's opponent." This is exactly the sense that may be intended in Iago's cynical discourse.

It is to be noted also that in the previous speech Iago speaks of the will as a "corrigible authority"; and of passion as "unbitted lusts." The same psychologic idea remains when the unbitted or unbridled state of the lust of the blood is associated with a *permission* or entire abandonment of the "corrigible authority" of the will.

The same speech contains another Anglicised Latin word of analogous formation, *perdurable*. In both cases the particle *per* is intensive. *Per-durable* is *exceedingly* durable. *Permission* implies that the subject of the word is not only *missus*, sent off; but *permissus*, exceedingly sent off.

Whether this passage is a reflection of Bacon's Latin phrase or not it certainly illustrates the fact that the poet had Latin phrases at easy command. The Latin word *permissio*, meaning complete surrender, could not easily be thus used except by one accustomed to think and write in Latin. The cognate word *permit* is sometimes used by later writers in a somewhat similar way; but I have found no such use of the word *permission* as equivalent to abnegation, surrender.

The following passage from a letter written by Bacon to Tobie Matthew, February 28, 1621, soon after his fall, has singular affinities with passages in Shakespeare :—

"In this solitude of friends, which is the (1) *base-court* of adversity, where almost nobody will be seen stirring, I have often remembered a saying of my Lord Ambassador of Spain, (2) *Amor san fin, no tienne fin.* [Love without end has no end].—*Life VII.*, 335.

(1.) *Northumberland.*

My Lord, in the *base-court* he doth attend.
To speak with you; may it please you to come down.

King * * *

In the *base-court?* *Base-court*, where kings grow base,
To come at traitor's calls, and do them grace.
In the *base-court?* Come down? Down court! Down king!
Rich. II. III. iii. 176.

(2.) I know not why
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason.—*Cymb. IV.*, ii. 20.

This is evidently a variation on the Spanish proverb. In logical language, *end* and *reason* are identical, and it is easy to understand how Bacon's "nimble mind" effected the transformation.

R. M. T.

FIGURES, SIMILES AND METAPHORS, FROM BACON'S PROSE AND SCIENTIFIC WORKS, AND FROM SHAKESPEARE.

With Regard to Matters Connected with State-Government, Law, the Body Politic, King, Court, War, &c.

By Mrs. Henry Pott.

(*Continued from page 84*).

Game (in hunting).

I am so far from thinking to retrieve a fortune, that I did not mark where the game fell. (*To the Lord Treasurer*).

He knows the game: how true he keeps the wind. . . . (*3 Hen. VI.* III. ii. 8, 14).

This way lies the game, (*Ib. IV.* v. 14).

Game (see Cards).

The usurer being at certainties, and others at uncertainties, at the end of the game, most of the money will be in the box. (*Of Usury*).

Now whether he do kill Cassio, or Cassio him,
Every way makes my game. (*Oth.* V. i. 12).

Gamester (money in the purse).

Tyrone is more like a gamester that will give o'er because he is a winner, than because he hath no more money in his purse. (*Advice to Essex*, *Life*, II. 98).

Yelverton is won. . . Neville hath his hopes; Martin hath money in his purse. . . . (*Advice to the King touching the calling of Parliament. Life*, IV. 365, 370).

When levity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentle gamester is the soonest winner. (*Hen. V.*, III. vi. 118).

O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse. (*Lear*, IV. vi. 148).

Put money in thy purse (*six times*). (*Oth.*, I. iii. 345, &c.)

There is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily. (*M. Wives*, II. i. 197).

Gangrene.

Above all things a gangrene in our laws is to be avoided. (*De Aug.*, viii. 3, *Aphorism*, 57).

Touching the clothing business, this gangrene goeth on. (*To the King*).

The service of the foot
Being once gangrened, is not then respected
For what before it was. (*Cor.*, III., i. 306).

Gate of Mercy.

That frank and clear confession might open the gate of mercy; we wished not to shut the gate of your Majesty's mercy against yourself. (*To the King by Somerset*).

Open thy gate of mercy: (3 *Hen. VI.*, VII. iv. 177).
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up. (*Hen. V.*, iii. 10).

Glass: Mirror.

Give me leave to set before you two glasses, such as certainly the like never met in one age: the glass of France and the glass of England. (*Gesta Grayorum*, *Life*, I. 334).

Be not as a lamp that shineth to others, and yet seeth not itself, but asthe eye of the world, that both carrieth and useth light. (*Ch. against Talbot*).

The government of the world, a mirror for the Government of the State. (*Discourse on the Union*).

He hath given them mirrors of himself. (*Mem. for King's Speech*).

The divine glass is the Word of God, so the politic glass is the state of the world, or times wherein we live; in the which we are to behold ourselves. (*Advt. L.*, ii. 1, *ref.*).

If there be a mirror in the world, worthy to hold men's eyes, it is that country. (*New Atlantis*).

It is the best wisdom in any man, in his own matters, to rest in the wisdom of a friend; for who can by often looking in the glass discern and judge so well of his own favour, as another with whom he converseth? (*Letter to Essex*, 1583, *Life*, I. 235).

"As the face is reflected in the water, so is the heart of man manifest to the wise" (Pro. xxvii. 19).

Here is distinguished between the mind of a wise man and that of others; the former being compared to water, or a glass which represents the forms and images of things; the other to the earth, or an unpolished stone which gives no reflection. And this comparison of the mind of a wise man to the glass is the more proper, because in a glass he can see his own image together with the images of others, which the eye itself without a glass cannot do. (*Works*, V. 55).

Since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
(*Jul. Cæs.*, I. ii. 66).

He that is proud eats up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle. (*Tro. Cr.*, II. iii. 164).

[The sentiment of these two passages exactly correspond with the offices of a friend, described in the Essay of *Friendship*. Both the glass and *cor ne edito* come into evidence].

The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself,
(That most pure spirit of sense), behold itself,
Not going from itself, but eye to eye opposed,
Salute each other with each other's form:
For speculation turns not on itself
Till it has travelled and is mirrored there
Where it may see itself. (*Tro. Cr.*, III., iii. 103).

He was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youths did dress themselves.
(2 *Hen. IV.*, II. iii. 21).

The glass of fashion. (*Ham.* III., i. 161).

You go not till I have set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.
(*Ham.* III. iv. 19).

A sample to the youngest, to the more mature
A glass that feated them. (*Cymb.*, I., i. 48).

Your changed complexions are to me a mirror
Which shows mine own changed too.
(*Wint. Tale*, I., ii. 381).

'Tis not her glass but you that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
(*As You L.*, III. iv. 54).

The mirror of all Christian kings. (*Hen. V.*, II. chorus).

Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest. (3 *Hen. VI.*, III. iii. 84).

Two mirrors of his princely semblance.
(*Rich. III.* II. ii. 51).

N.B.—Mr. Richard Grant White shews that the Shaksperian use of the *glass* metaphor is taken from Plato's First Alcibiades. He gives the following translation of the passage :—"We may take the analogy of the eye. The eye sees not itself but from some other things, for instance a mirror. But the eye

can see itself also by reflection in another eye, not by looking at any other part of a man, but at the eye only."

Gods, (Kings, so-called).

All kings, though they be gods on earth, yet they are gods of earth; frail as other men. (*Of King's Messages*).

Kings are styled Gods on earth, not absolute, but *Dixi dii estis.* (*Advice to Buckingham*).

A king is a mortal God on earth. (*Of a King*).

Princes are like to heavenly bodies which cause good or evil times, and which have much veneration, but no rest. All precepts concerning kings are in effect comprehended in those two remembrances:—*Memento quod es homo*, and *Memento quod es Deus*, or *vice Dei:* remember you are a man ; and, remember that you are a god, or God's lieutenant. The one bridleth the power, and the other the will. (*Essay of Empire*).

Man may be said to be a god to man. (*Nov. Org.*, i. 129, and *ib.* ii. 26).

It is owing to justice that man is a God to man. (*De Aug.*, vi. 3; *Antitheta*, 20).

A God on earth thou art. (*Rich. II.*, V. iii., 136).

Kings are earth's Gods. (*Per. I.*, i. 103, and v. 1).

Immortality attends (virtue and cunning).

Making a man a God. (*ib. III.*, ii. 30).

He is a God, and knows what is most right. (*Ant. Cl.*, III., xiii. 60).

This man is now become a God. . .

'Tis true this God did shake. (*Jul. Cæs.* I., ii. 115, 121).

This old man. . . godded me indeed. (*Cor. V.*, iii. 11).

There is a mystery (with whom relation
Doth never meddle) in the soul of state
Which hath an operation more divine
Than breath or pen can give expression to.
(*Tro. Cr. III.*, iii. 201).

This last passage is a reflection of Bacon's oft-repeated axiom that the heart of kings is inscrutable, and that it is a sort of profanation to look too deeply into them, to fathom their nature and motives.

Graft.

After the graft is put into the stock and bound, it must be left to Nature and Time to make that *continuum* which was at first *continguum*. And it is not continual pressing or thrusting together that will prevent Nature's season, but rather hinder it. (*On Union of Laws*).

The Decemvir's grafted laws of Greciæ upon Roman stock of laws and customs. (*Of a Digest of Laws*).
Our laws are by mixture more complete. . . for no tree is so good at first set, as by transplanting and grafting. (*ib.*)
(Sects) newly grafted into Christianity. (*Of Union of Laws*).
Noble stock was graft with crab-tree slip, etc.
(2 *Hen. VI.*, III., ii. 213).
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants, etc.
(*R. III.* III., vii. 127).
Could such inordinate and low desires. . .
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood?
(1 *Hen. IV.*, III., ii. 12).
His plausive words
He scattered not in ears, but grafted them. (*A. W. T.*, ii. 53).
To grow them and to bear
A servant grafted in my serious trust. (*W. T.*, I., ii. 246, etc..)

Green.

She was green in authority. (*Praise of the Queen*).
Yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe.
That greenness of the House leeseth the modesty and gravity by which matters have passage. (*Of Parliament*).
The seed of this mischief is nourished by vain discourses, and green and unripe conceits). (*Touching Duels*).
How much the estate is green and yet ungoverned.
(*Rich. III.* II., ii. 127).
(They are) green in judgment. (*Ant. Cl.* I., v. 74).
(Matters which) folly and green minds seek after, etc.
(*Oth. II.*, i. 251).
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit. (*John* ii. 2).

Ground.

Princes and States have always a good ground of war. . . upon just fear. (*Of War with Spain*).
A just ground of deliberation . . . . Grounds of justice . . . . Divine grounds, which look chiefly on unity.
(*Pacification of the Church.*)
The conspiracy is grounded upon motives of religion.
(*Charge Against Owen.*)
Grounding mortal quarrels upon uncivil words.
(*Decree against Duelling.*)
On good ground we fear. (*Cymb.* IV. ii. 143.)
Grounds Christian and Heathen. (*Oth.*, I. i. 28.)
I did proceed upon just grounds. (*Ib.* V. ii. 138.)

Dare you . . . maintain such quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge.
(*Tit. And.*, II. i. 48.)
(*Etc. Frequent in the Prose Works.*)

Hammer: of Treachery, &c.

The treaty stayed for a better hour, till the hammer had wrought and beat the party of Brittaine more pliant.
(*Hist. Henry VII.*)

If we should be so happy as to take the axe to hew and the hammer to frame in this case, we know it cannot be without time. (*Petition of Tenures.*)

Wilt thou still be hammering treachery?
(2 *Henry VI.*, I. ii. 47.)

Art thou more stubborn-hard than hammered iron?
(*John IV.*, i. 67.)

The Queen,
Who but to-day hammered of this design.
(*W. T.*, II. ii. 49.)

Hand-in-hand.

This union of laws should go on *parri passu*, hand-in-hand, &c.
(*Of Union.*)

Thou good old chronicle
Thou hast walk'd so long hand-in-hand with Time.
(*Tr. Cr.*, IV. v. 203.)

Handle.

Occasion . . . turneth the handle of the bottle first to be received; after the belly, which is hard to clasp.
(*Essay of Delays*—and *Antitheta.*)

The argument he handles. (*Advice to Sir F. Greville.*)

The matter he handles from memory. (*Controversies of the Ch.*)

The causes of Ireland (would advance) if taken by the right handle. (*To Cecil.*)

I have given a handle to contradiction. (*De Aug.*, iii. 6.)

O handle not that theme. (*Tit. And.*, III. ii. 29.)

(A matter) slightly handled in discourse.
(*Rich. III.*, III. vii. 19.)

A rotten case abides no handling. (2 *Henry IV.*, IV. i. 161.)

Bacon's use of the *handle* metaphor, in the Essay of *Delays*, gives double significance to Macbeth's Spectral Dagger:—

Is this a dagger that I see before me,
The *handle* toward my hand? (*Macbeth*, II. i. 33.)

Harvest.

There hath been a great loss in the inning of your Majesty's

harvest, whereof I see no cause, except it stay for fowler weather. (*For Appointing Lord Treasurer.*)

His men had but a catching harvest of their spoils. (*Hist. Henry VII.*)

I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps.
(*A. Y. L.*, III. v. 101.)

There if I grow,
The harvest is your own. (*Macbeth I.*, iv. 42).

Thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.
(*Per.*, IV. ii. 152).

Health, Sound.

There remains but one course for the recovery of a sound and healthy condition, namely, that the entire work be commenced afresh. (*Nov. Org., Pref.*)

If this part of the Constitution be sound and healthy, the laws will be of good effect. (*De Aug.*, viii. 3.)

Find (my land's) disease
And purge it to a sound and pristine health.
(*Macbeth*, V. iii. 51).

This act makes sound opinion sick. (*John*, IV. ii. 26).

Heave at Authority.

To see if he could heave at his lordship's authority. (*Observations on a Libel*).

I'll venture one heave at him.
(*Suffolk Against Wolsey. Hen. VIII.*, II. ii. 85).

I'd as lief have a reed that could do me no service as a partizan I could not heave. (*Ant. Cl.*, II. vii. 14).

Heavenly Bodies, Princes like to.

Princes are like to heavenly bodies which cause good or evil times, and which have much veneration, but no rest. (*Ess. Empire*).

O! now who will behold
The Royal Captain of this ruin'd band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry, Praise and glory on his head . . . .
A largess liberal as the sun
His liberal eye doth give to every one. (See *Hen. V.*, Act IV., Chorus, and *Hen. VI.*, I. ii. 273—280).

Hedge.

This writ is as a hedge about the King's vineyard I

little doubt by the help of this court that this hedge and fence will continue in full repair. (*Case de Rege*).

There's such divinity doth hedge a king. (*Ham.*, IV. v. 123).

England hedged in by the main. (*John*, II. i. 26).

The king in this perceives him how he coasts
And hedges his own way. (*Hen. VIII.*, III. ii. 39).

Horse-leeches.

Empson and Dudley, whom the people esteemed as the king's horse-leaches and shearers. (*Hist. Hen. VII.*).

Let us to France: like horse-leaches, my boys,
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck.
(*Hen. V.*, II. iii. 58).

Horses—Subjects, paced like.

It will be both spur and bridle to (recusant subjects), to make them pace aright to your Majesty's end.
(*To the King*, 1615).

Those that tame wild horses
Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur them
Till they obey the manage. (*Hen. VIII.*, V. iii. 21).

The third o' the world is yours, which with a snaffle
You may pace easy. (*Ant. Cl.*, II. ii. 63).

Hot, Cold, Cool in business.

That the course be now at the first hotly followed and not suffered to cool. (*Of Benevolences*).

He knew his people were hot upon the business.
(*Hist. Hen. VII.*).

This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.
(*Macb.*, IV. i. 154).

I would not have things cool.
(*Merry Wives*, IV. ii., last line).

Humours.

As for discontentments, they are, in the body politic, like to humours in the natural, which are apt to gather a preternatural heat and to inflame. (*Ess. Sedition*).

In the natural body of men, if there be any weak or affected part it is enough to draw rheums or malign humours unto it, to the interruption of the health of the whole body. . . . The indisposition of that kingdom hath been a continual attractive of troubles upon this estate. (*Of Plantations in Ireland*).

The King would not stir too many humours at once.
(*Hist. Hen. VII.*).

The two parties in the Church are the contrary humours in the strength or predominancy whereof the health or disease of the body doth consist. (*Advice to Rutland*, 2).

And all the unsettled humours of the land, &c.
(*John II.*, i. 66).

Stop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd,
Our discontented counties do revolt. . . .
This inundation of mistempered humour
Rests by you only to be qualified. (*ib. V.*, i. 7).

The same figure in "*Praise of the Queen*," "*Observations on a Libel*," "*Gesta Grayorum*," "*War with Spain*," "*Advancement of Learning*," i. 1, and in other places in the prose and in "*Shakespeare*."

Husbandry.

A good husbandman is ever proyning and stirring in his own vineyard or field; not unseasonably indeed, nor unskilfully. But lightly he findeth ever somewhat to do.
(*Controversies of the Ch.*).

The concurrence is as well in the nature of the seed as in the travail of tilling and dressing, yea, and in the fitness of the season for the bringing up of these infectious weeds.
(*Obs. on a Libel*).

And as our vineyards. . . .
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,
Even so our houses, and ourselves and children
But grow like savages. (*see Hen. V.*, V. ii. 36—59).

Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted
Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry, &c.
(2 *Hen. VI.*, III. i. 31).

Hydra.

In those tedius wars. . . . he hath to do with a Hydra, or monster with many heads. (*Praise of the Queen*).

Thus did the king secretly sow Hydra's teeth, whereupon. . . should rise of armed men for the service of the kingdom.
(*Hist. Hen. VII.*)

Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads.
The parcels and particulars of our grief. . .
Whereon this Hydra, son of war is born.
(2 *Hen. IV.*, IV. 38).

Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the multitude to be ingrateful were to make a monster of the multitude. . . . He himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.
(*Cor.* II. iii. 10).

You grave but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra hern to choose an officer,
That with his premptory "shall," being but
The horn and noise of the monsters, want not spirit
To. . . . make your channel his. (*Cor. III.* i. 92).
The beast with many heads butts me away. (*ib. IV.* i. 1).

Icarus.

I was ever sorry that your lordship would fly with waxen wings, doubting Icarus' fortune. (*To Essex.* 1600).
(Also *De Sap. Vet.* 27).

Why what a peevish fool was that of Crete
Who taught his son the office of a fowl,
And yet with all his wings the fool was drowned.
I, Dœdalus ; my poor boy, Icarus,
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course, &c.
(*3 Hen. VI.*, V. vi. 18, *and same figure* 1 *Hen. VI.*, IV. vi. 24, and IV. vii. 14).

Illustrate with Honour.

When your majesty could raise me no higher, it was your grace to illustrate me with beams of honours. (*To the King*).
The magnanimous and most illustrate King.
(*L. L. L.*, IV. i. 65 *Letter*).
This most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman.
(*ib.* V. i. 128).

Imposthumations and Inward Bleeding.

To give moderate liberty for griefs is a safe way, for he that maketh the wound *to bleed inwardly*, endangereth malign ulcers, and pernicious imposthumations. (*Ess. of Sedition*).
The imposthume of the office. (*To the Ld. Keeper*, 1597).

This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace,
That *inward breaks*, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies. (*Ham.* IV. iv. 27).

Infection (of Sedition, etc.)

Sedition is a disease like to infection, for as infection spreadeth upon that which is sound, and tainteth it, so, when envy is gotten once into a state, it traduceth even the best actions thereof, and turneth them into an ill odour. (*Ess. Envy*).

Such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.
(*John* V. ii. 20).

The sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise:
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.
(1 *Hen. IV.* IV. i. 28).

As for my country, I have shed my blood. . . . So shall my lungs
Coin words, till their decay, against those measles
Which we disdain shall tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them. . . . (*Cor. III.* i. 76).
Leave us to cure this cause. For 'tis a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself. . . . (*ib.* 235)
We'll hear no more.
Lest his infection, being of a catching nature,
Spread further. (*ib.* 308).

Intestine Troubles.

Intestine troubles, whereunto that nation had ever been subject.
(*Obs. on a Libel*).
Intestine troubles break out. (*Of War in Spain*).
A kingdom labouring with intestine faction.
(*Of Elizabeth*).
The intestine shock,
And furious close of civil butchery.
(1 *Hen. IV.*, I. i. 12).

Inundation.

The inundation of barbarians into the Roman Empire.
(*Nov. Org.* i. 77).
Inundations of people. (*Ess. Vicissitude*).
This inundation of mistempered humour.
(*John V.* i. 12, *also see V.* ii. 48).

Iron better than gold.

The best iron in the world, that is, the best soldiers. . . . all which examples do well prove Solon's opinion of the authority and mastery that iron hath over gold.
(*Speech of Naturalisation*).
Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt.
. . . . . .
Shamest thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart ?
(3 *Hen. VI.* II. ii. 139).
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back !
(*Tit. And. IV.* iii. 47).
O God of battles ! Steel my soldiers' hearts.
(*Hen. V.* IV. i. 306).

To be continued).